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"MUSIC AS MUSICIANS UNDERSTAND IT" **W.S.B. MATHEWS.**
EDITOR.

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M. CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

MUSIC.

DECEMBER, 1900.

SYMPHONY SINCE BEETHOVEN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. HUGHES IMBERT.

After having spoken briefly of other German and foreign composers who have made symphony since Beethoven, such as Bruckner, "whose immense knowledge ought to ally him to the technique of Brahms," Alexander Ritter, Joachim Raff, a composer of very secondary order, Felix Draeseke, Hermann Goetz (prematurely deceased), the Dane, Christian Sinding, an imitator of the methods of Wagner (a fact which M. Weingartner omits to mention), the Russian, Alexander Borodine, Carl Goldmarck, Antoine Rubinstein, who was Russian only in his birth, and finally Peter Tschaikowsky, whose faults he omits to mention (that is to say, the length of his developments), Mr. Weingartner arrests this very incomplete list of composers who have written symphony since Beethoven, in order to pass to the consideration of "program music."

In his masterly study of "Symphony for Orchestra" ("History of Symphony for Orchestra from its origin down to Beethoven," by M. Michel Brenet), a work much consulted by M. Emile Michel in writing his "The Masters of Symphony," the second part of his "History of Art," M. Michel Brenet has the following lines: "Although the successors of Beethoven have chosen their models among the masterworks of that immortal master or among those of Haydn or Mozart, the symphony of the nineteenth century is assuredly a beautiful creation. We have not to follow it through the last quarter of the century." This task, which had not been undertaken by M. Brenet, since it was his intention to trace the symphony from its origin to Beethoven

inclusively, M. Weingartner attempts to assume completely, since even the title of his study indicates his intention of narrating the story of symphony from Beethoven down. It would be impossible to pass in silence all the laudable efforts in symphony which have been made since Schumann and Brahms. The names and the works of a majority of French and foreign com-



M. WEINGARTNER.

posers who have written instrumental music during the nineteenth century fail to present themselves to him; his labor is therefore incomplete. Without speaking of the omissions of names of foreign composers, it is necessary to remark that M. Weingartner has completely forgotten the names of French symphonists. He mentions only the name of Hector Berlioz (at length, it is true) under the head of program music.

We will not attempt to entirely make up for his omissions, but will content ourselves with indicating briefly the important role which they have played and the place filled by many of our masters in this branch of the art. We write these lines with the greater pleasure since abroad, and particularly in Germany, it is fashion to ignore the symphonic works of our contemporary masters.

When one desires to write the history of symphony in France, it will be impossible not to pay homage to the memory of Francis Joseph Gossec (1733 or 1734-1829), who was the true originator of this form of art in our country. Enlarging the labors of his predecessors, notably those of Rameau, he wrote no less than twenty-nine symphonies and, a point worthy of remark, the first were published in 1754, that is to say four years before the time when Haydn wrote his first symphony, namely in 1759. They were the star features of the Spiritual Concerts, and even while they now seem out of date, he remains none the less the first creator in this branch of art. Gossec was, therefore, a founder.

Of Cherubini (1760-1842) Robert Schumann said, after hearing a performance of one of his overtures given at Leipsic in 1840: "Of the composers living contemporaneously with Beethoven, Cherubini was certainly the second of the masters of that epoch, and since the death of the first he must be considered as the first of living composers." Cherubini wrote one symphony and some chamber music which Schumann esteemed as manifesting great qualities. After Gossec, he demonstrated that French composers were able to rival those of all other countries in all branches of their art.

Mehul (1765-1817) made one incursion into the domain of symphony, where he was far from attaining the perfection and beauty of his theatrical works, of "Joseph" above all. His symphonies, played at the conservatory concerts, left the impression of having been carefully and conscientiously worked out, but without charm.

There was one composer, however, Georges Onslow (1784-1853), who manifested a peculiar attraction for symphony and chamber music. His work of this kind is considerable; there remain from him not less than four symphonies, thirty-four quintets, thirty-six quartets, seven trios, etc. It was he who for the

first time utilized the double bass in chamber music. Although too uniform in style, written without sparkle and with an abuse of elaboration, his symphonies show a certain comprehension of



M. LUIGI CHERUBINI.

the classic style, which he had acquired by study of the works of Haydn and Mozart; they all have a very easy grace. Onslow did not take his departure from the last quartets of Beethoven;

but at the epoch when he wrote he was by no means the only one who remained shut up against the beauties of these last works of the master from Bonn. His compositions, which for the most part approach more nearly the school of Mozart and Haydn than that of Beethoven, had in their time a great reputation, even in Germany; but they seem to be a little forgotten nowadays.

In a modest village of Isere, in the suburb of Saint-Andre, was born, December 11, 1803, he who was destined to be the most brilliant representative of the musical art in France during the nineteenth century, the creator of a new symphonic form, nevertheless "without the least disposition to destroy any of the elements composing the art as it existed." Berlioz did not follow the example of Beethoven, and he wrote no symphonies in classical form, divided into four regular parts and conceived without the idea of a literary canvas. His "Symphony Fantastic," which already contained all the elements of his manner; "The Damnation of Faust," "Romeo and Juliette," his master work, "Harold in Italy," are truly music which follows a program. The author of the "Damnation of Faust" was first of all a poet, who, enthused by the works of Virgil, Shakespeare, Gluck, Goethe, translated his noble ideas into a language which seemed to him more suitable to the artistic temperament. It was under the impulse of an internal necessity that Berlioz, having only confused and contradictory ideas concerning opera, adopted this form of symphony with chorus and solos, which was destined to raise him so high in the realm of art. But even while it placed him far apart from the classical symphony, his instrumental and descriptive work contained qualities of the first order, which caused it to be said of him that he was a Latin influenced by German thought. In Beethoven there are indeterminate dreams of the human heart, which are translated into superb orchestral pages. Berlioz made clear the passions which agitated this heart; he wrote the history of the life of an artist, like that of "Romeo and Juliette." His musical style was even a translation of his spirit, shaken by passion, torment and fantasy.

In studying him as the most astonishing illustration of program music, M. Weingartner has expressed upon the subject of Berlioz very just ideas, and quite properly devotes to him a large part of his work. According to him there are three rea-

sons to be mentioned as an explanation of the fact that these works of Berlioz, at present so highly esteemed, were considered at their appearance as being the creations of a disordered brain.

"At first view his invention seems dry and inaccessible; his isolated melodic phrases lack an attractive character; we seem to experience cold and severity where in truth an ardent flame and passion are pressing for artistic utterance.

"The second explanation is his phenomenal originality in orchestration; the orchestral means which he employs, what he accomplishes by means of isolated instruments, the manner in which he combines sonorous colors—all these give his orchestral color a personal quality, which never existed before him and has not been successfully imitated since.

"The last cause which renders the works of Berlioz more difficult to comprehend, is to be found in the elements and in the poetic subjects chosen for his works, and in the manner in which the music applies itself to working out these determinate subjects and in a fashion personifies them."

These reflections are followed by many others not less sensible. But in giving them out, in developing them, M. Weingartner appears to have forgotten that he has previously tried to deny that any of the great masters had a particular system of their own. There are curious and often beautiful innovations introduced into the very foundation and the form of his works of art, which at first considered anomalies, constitute nevertheless an integral part of the genius of a Berlioz, as formerly with a Beethoven or later with a Brahms or a Wagner. If the crowd does not realize these when they first appear, it is because they are in advance of their century and they will astonish by their audacity even those whom they do not touch. Only the open spirits adopt them almost immediately and divine their future influence. Was this what happened in the case of Robert Schumann concerning Brahms?

Berlioz, as we have already remarked, is the only French composer mentioned by M. Weingartner in speaking of symphony after Beethoven. We will therefore now proceed to mention the names of others among our composers who have made important contributions to this branch of art.

Reber (1807-1880) shows himself to be quite distinctly in the

direction of instrumental music. He composed only four symphonies, one overture, one suite for orchestra, three quartets,



M. HECTOR BERLIOZ.

one quintet for strings, seven trios with piano, pieces for piano and violin. We pass over in this mention his music for theater. Pupil of Reicha and Lesueur, Reber composed serious works

having affinity to the classical German school; they have a gracious and naive character, at times not unlike that of Schubert.

Felicien David (1810-1876) received instructions from Reber, and like Berlioz distinguished himself in the production of "symphonic odes," of which the most remarkable, "The Desert," is a translation of impressions received by the author in a journey in the Orient. He dreams a long time under the palms of the oasis, and his dream took a satisfying realization in this beautiful ode. Despite the feeblenesses essay to find in the number of his compositions of this kind, if he had not written more than the single page of line so pure, "Oh Night," in the "Desert," Felicien David would have deserved to pass on to posterity. He wrote many instrumental works of unequal value, of which one of the best is the symphony in F. Without going so far as Berlioz, who considers this work a masterpiece, Felicien David remains the type of those musicians who translate into tones the Orient and its happy tonalties. He has a note of his own, but did not accomplish all he wished.

Of Gouvy (1822-1898) we might almost say that first of all he was a symphonist whose tendencies approach those of the German school, the work of Mendelssohn seeming to have captivated him. It was at Berlin, after having completed his course at the Conservatory, that he finished his education. If we run through a list of his works, we observe that aside from a single work for the stage ("The Cid") his work is composed exclusively of symphonies, six in all, concert overtures, chamber music, dramatic scenes ("Aslega," "Electra," "Iphigenie," "Oedipus," "The Dream of Spring"), and of two masses. In the last years of his life he resided more in Germany than in France, hoping to find in that country of symphony a readier appreciation than in his own country. His melodic ideas, although a little tinted by German poesie, remain nevertheless French. His instrumentation and style are analogous to that of Mendelssohn.

Cesar Franck (1822-1890) was born upon Belgian soil; but he acquired naturalization in France and there he lived his entire life. He was a musician of superior temperament, an admirable and productive worker, who imagined numberless new harmonies, of whom our school ought to be proud. And it is certainly to be regretted for M. Weingartner, that he has not

even mentioned the work of this great musician, whose noble tendencies in symphony relate him so decidedly to those of Sebastian Bach. It was in fact from this old master, the father of the musical church, that Cesar Franck derived a part of his science; he joined it to his own mystic manner, of which we might call him the creator. Although he cultivated particularly oratorio ("Ruth," "Redemption," "The Beatitudes," "Rebecca"), he did not the less completely succeed in the realm of pure symphony. His symphonic poems, the "Eolides" (1876), "Le Chasseur Maudit" (1883), "Psyche," with chorus (1887-1888), his "Variations Symphoniques" for piano and orchestra, his wonderful chamber music, and his important organ works, give Cesar Franck a very important place among composers who have written symphony since Beethoven. The symphony in D. minor is distinguished by the unity which subsists between the three movements, in consequence of a fundamental theme which dominates in all the work, by the character so dreamy and mystic of the numerous motives which boil up at the side of the main theme, and which, so to say, replace the usual developments; the conception is very novel. His other symphonic works and his chamber music, as already mentioned, are not less suggestive; some of them are even superior to the symphony in D minor. Despite his lack of condensation, which is the great fault of Franck, and which deprives his works of a part of the interest which they ought to excite, it is easy to see how highly posterity will be obliged to estimate him.

Does not another deserve to be called a symphonist considering that the habitues of the opera gave him this title as soon as his ballet of *Namouna* was played at the grand opera? Edouard Lalo (1823-1892) has certainly cultivated with preference orchestral music, and it is not for us to criticize his tendencies. We felicitate him thereupon. For even if he came to the theater one day with a brilliant success, it must be remembered that his "*Roi d'Ys*" derived its merits not alone from the charm of its melodic themes, but still more from the delicious handling of the orchestral colors. Perhaps Lalo was better calculated to write a splendid orchestral suite than a real symphony, by reason of his themes being short and not lending themselves readily to development. Perhaps we might obtain proof of this by comparing with each other his symphony in G minor, his

orchestral suite *Namouna*, *Divertissement* for orchestra, the *Spanish Symphony* for violin and orchestra, his *Norwegian Rhapsody*, etc. His chamber music is more interesting, and it would be possible to name certain pages of his trio which could be compared to those of the greatest masters.

M. Camille Saint-Saens (1835) owes to his symphonic poems a great part of his reputation, but it is a great injustice to ignore his symphonies and his chamber music, which have very great value. If he had written no more than the symphony in C minor, the first trio in F major, the sonata for piano and 'cellos (Op. 32), the quartet with piano (Op. 81), his beautiful concertos for piano and orchestra (and there are many other pages to cite) he would have taken one of the highest places among the masters who since Schumann and Brahms have written orchestral music. It would be no exaggeration to advance the idea that his orchestration, by its clearness, its power, its beautiful color, recalls sometimes that of Beethoven. He is also a master who has written in a great variety of styles, since he has composed operas (among which "*Samson and Delilah*" is a masterwork), symphonic poems, symphonies and chamber music, oratorios, cantatas, pieces for piano, songs. If one compares these with the works of many composers whom M. Weingartner has cited complaisantly, such as Joachim Raff, who was a writer of second order, one can only be profoundly astonished at the silence regarding Saint-Saens in the count of Symphony after Beethoven.

It was to Paul Lacombe (1837) that Georges Bizet wrote his captivating letters, letters of advice given by a man of genius to a man of talent, and in which he does not cease, after having seen his first works for chamber, to urge him to write symphonies. "Is it the orchestra which frightens you? What folly! You know how to orchestrate, I reply. You have not the right to fail to write a symphony." Heeding the advice of such a master, Paul Lacombe wrote three symphonies (Op. 30, in B flat minor, Op. 34, in D, Op. 48 in A), of which two were crowned in honor by the society of musical composers. He composed still other pages for orchestra and much chamber music. In all his works is to be traced the influence over him of three German masters, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Chopin. We might even add to these three names that of Beethoven. Writ-

ing in a clear and easy style, he is not in his early works far from the classical manner. It seems that in his later ones he sought to follow the contemporaneous movement, especially in his harmonies. He had a color of his own and it is a pity that his modesty kept him so far from Paris. His compositions brought out by himself would have been better known and appreciated.

M. Theodore Dubois (1847), after having written operas and the religious works, so well known, would not be expected to appear upon this altogether too short list of French composers who have cultivated instrumental music exclusively. But, since he has been made director of the Conservatory, he has written certain works which indicate that if he had reached his present position of comparative leisure earlier in his career, he would without doubt have made more extended incursions into this branch of art. Many orchestral suites, and above all his overture "Frithjoff," composed as long ago as 1879, give evidences of certain tendencies towards symphonic music, properly so called. His last works, such as the concertos for piano and for violin, with accompaniment of orchestra, his sonata for piano and violin, emphasize the new role which as composer he has taken up, being still one of the most remarkable professors in our national school.

(To be Concluded.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY IN LEIPSIC IN 1888.

FROM TSCHAIKOWSKY'S REMINISCENCES, BY
E. E. SIMPSON.

I was received in Leipsic by three of my countrymen, Brodsky, Siloti, and Arthur Friedheim, and a musical critic of Leipsic. With Brodsky, whose name is well known to the Russian public, particularly that of Moscow, I had been for some years in intimate friendship. He was a professor in the Moscow Conservatory when I was teaching the theory classes there. In 1877 Brodsky gave up his position at the conservatory and busied himself at Kiev as director of the musical society. Then for a time he made tours in other lands and was next given an honorable post as professor of violin in the Conservatory of Leipsic. At this place I cannot forego the opportunity to express my unending gratitude to Brodsky for the following episode.

In the year 1877 I wrote a violin concerto and dedicated it to Leopold Auer. I do not know if Mr. Auer felt pleased with the dedication, but, notwithstanding our friendship, he would never overcome the difficulties of the composition. Furthermore, he declared it almost impossible of performance. Such an opinion from this virtuoso of St. Petersburg threw my unlucky production far into the rearground of obscurity. About five years later, while I was living in Rome, in happening upon a copy of the "New Free Press" (Vienna) my eye fell upon a critique by Professor Edward Hanslick, on a concert given by the Philharmonic Society of Vienna.

My unhappy violin concerto had been taken up on this program, and the violinist, who was none other than my friend Brodsky, was taken severely to task by Hanslick, and the concerto was made the subject of biting irony. "We know," he wrote, "that in contemporaneous literature, works appear more frequently than before, whose authors delight in describing repugnant physical phenomena, and among them, bad odors. One may call this a bad smelling literature. The concerto by Mr. Tschaikowsky convinces us also of the existence of bad smelling

music." As I read this decision of the celebrated critic, it occurred to me how much effort and industry friend Brodsky must have wasted in getting the concerto ready for perform-



TSCHAIKOWSKY.

ance, and how ungrateful this criticism of his friend and countryman must have seemed.

I hastened naturally to express to him my warmest gratitude. Then I learned all that he had to undergo to accomplish his pur-

pose—to save the concerto from undeserved oblivion. From this time on Brodsky played the concerto everywhere and often met with opposition from the critics like Hanslick, but the work was saved and is now often performed in western Europe. This is especially true since a second great artist, Mr. Carl Halir, has come to Brodsky's assistance.

One may understand, then, how well it was for me to have from the time of my first arrival in Leipsic the moral support of such a dear friend for the experience that was about to follow. I was not less pleased to again meet the young though widely known pianist, Alexander Siloti. I had known him as a boy, when as a pupil at the Moscow Conservatory he had taken a course in composition under me. Siloti had afterwards studied with Liszt, and after his death, with Rubinstein. In Russia and Germany he had made a good name, and especially in Leipsic, where he took up his residence some years ago, and from which place he made concert tours. Like Brodsky, Siloti had also conferred many favors upon me and helped considerably to broaden the acquaintance with my compositions in Germany. Through him I found a circle of musicians who were warmly interested in my creations, and by reason of Leipsic's position in the German musical world it meant a great deal to me. I had the morbid presentiment that they would probably look me up in a garrison and scoff at me and my art, but to my pleasant surprise I became convinced that the Germans, and particularly the Leipsickers, did not hold themselves so much against us as many in Russia believed. I say here decisively, that I really feared the reception, but I was very happy to find that instead of falling in among enemies, I was among men who were acquainted with my music, and who met me in warmest sympathy.

The third of my countrymen that I found in Leipsic was the talented pianist Arthur Friedheim, a native of St. Petersburg, a pupil of Liszt, and for some years a resident of Leipsic. The musical critic mentioned was Martin Krause, critic on the *Leipziger Tageblatt* and a friend of some years' standing. Leipsic greeted me with genuine Russian winter weather. The snow lay a foot deep in the streets, and from the station I rode in a peculiarly constructed sleigh to Brodsky's home, where I came into a genuine Russian circle that was beautified by two fine Russian women, the wife and sister-in-law of my host.

Since in later years I had lived almost uninterruptedly in my own country, as soon as I stepped over its boundaries I experienced a most distressing homesickness, and I cannot sufficiently praise the warm comfort that I received that evening and during my three subsequent visits to Leipzig, when I was permitted to remain in Brodsky's home for a few hours. I was not less comfortable in Siloti's home, since he had lately married a young lady whom I had known from childhood in Moscow, and whom I had learned to love.

On the day after my arrival in Leipzig I formed two unusually interesting acquaintances. As I got to Brodsky's house for dinner at one o'clock, I heard chords from a violin, piano, and 'cello. It was a rehearsal of a new trio by Brahms, which was to have its first public performance on the following day. Brahms played the piano part himself. It was the first opportunity of my life to stand in the presence of this greatest of modern German composers. Brahms is not tall, but he is slightly corpulent. His handsome gray head reminded me of a devout old Russian divine. In my opinion his were not characteristic features of a German, and I cannot understand how a distinguished ethnographer (I am sustained herein by a note from the composer himself), could select Brahms' head for the title engraving for a book, on account of the typical German features of the composer. A certain delicacy and gradual rounding of the lines, rather long, thin gray hair, friendly eyes, a thick gray streaked beard—all that was much more a type of the large genuine Russian, and particularly like one would often meet among the clergy. Brahms carried himself easily and simply, without any show of pride, and the few hours I was permitted to remain in his company have left a very pleasant remembrance of him. To my sorrow I must confess that notwithstanding our comparatively long stay in Leipzig at the same time, I did not succeed in getting closer to the greatest of modern German composers. The reason is this: Like all my musical friends in Russia, I esteemed Brahms as an honorable and energetic musician, always true to his convictions, but in face of all this good will I can not like his music. The liking for Brahms is very extensive in Germany. There are a host of authors and whole musical societies who devote themselves en-

tirely to Brahms, hold him as one of the very greatest and place him almost upon an equality with Beethoven.

True, he also has enemies in Germany, and in other lands his works are very little known, with the probable exception of London. There, thanks to the propaganda of his friend Joachim, who is very popular in England, Brahms has become recognized. On the other hand, there is no country where he has taken such a small hold as in Russia. There is something in the Brahms music that is dry, cold, hazy and disagreeable to the Russians, and from our standpoint Brahms has no power of melodic invention. The musical thought is never completely given out. Scarcely is a melody indicated before it is overwhelmed with harmonic modulations, as if the composer's chief aim were to become deep and unintelligible. He irritates our musical sense by failing to satisfy the desire, and he refrains from speaking to us in the tones that go to the heart.

One who hears him asks: "Is Brahms profound in fact, or is he coquetting in the depths of his musical fancy in order to hide the poverty of his creative fund?" And it may be considered a difficult matter to decide the question. No one can hear a Brahms composition and say that it is weak and unimportant. His style is always dignified, and he never strives for rough outward effects. He does not seek to astonish his hearers by any brilliant orchestral combination, nor can we accuse him of brutality or a lack of gentility. It is all earnest and compact, somewhat arbitrary withal, but it fails in the main requisite—the beautiful.

That is my estimate of the work of Brahms. So far as I know, all of the Russian musicians and the entire music loving public of Russia stand in the same attitude. When, some years ago, I spoke frankly about Brahms to Hans von Buelow, he replied: "Just wait and there will come a time when the depth and beauty of Brahms' work will appear to you. Like you, it was a long time before I could understand him, but gradually I became more worthy to know his genius, and so it will be with you."

I have waited but the revelation has not come. I can only reiterate that I recognize in Brahms the highest artistic personality, I bow to the purity of his style and rejoice in the strength of his position as against the triumphant followers

of Wagner and Liszt—but I do not love his music. The reader will understand that this fact hindered me from getting in closer communion with Brahms, however much I was an admirer of his personality. I saw him continually in the company of his trusting admirers, of whom my friend Brodsky was one.

It was painful for me to remain among them without taking part in the worship of their idol, thereby bringing a discord into the harmony of souls. And all on account of my unbelief in the strange musical dogma.

On the other hand it seemed that Brahms instinctively felt or knew that I was not one of his followers, and that on this account he could take no further steps toward a closer association. He met me calmly and in a friendly manner as with everyone, but nothing more. All that I saw and heard of the man Brahms increased my regret that the revelation promised by von Bülow would not appear. The close friends of the Vienna master praise his character. The celebrated Bohemian composer, Dvořák, related to me with tears in his eyes, how good and noble Brahms was upon first becoming acquainted with his works, that no one would publish nor any artist would play. Brahms had been a great factor in keeping the works of his Slavonic brother from remaining unknown. Brodsky also told me of the fine modesty of the great composer.

Richard Wagner, who, it is well known, was not very much in sympathy with any of his contemporaries, was accustomed to express himself in especially disagreeable terms about the creations of Brahms. When some one once sent a particularly vicious attack of Wagner's to Brahms' address, the latter exclaimed: "My God! Wagner is shrieking triumphantly in the streets. In what way can I be a hindrance to him when I go quietly on my own way, and why can he not leave me in peace when I shall never cross his path?"

At the time of the same dinner at Brodsky's I formed another acquaintance not less interesting, which proved fortunately to be not simply a casual meeting. But it was to be repeated and soon to form a true friendship, whose foundation should be the soul relationship of two musical natures, though they were not of the same nationality. During the rehearsal of the new Brahms' trio, wherein I took the liberty to make some sug-

gestions as to tempo, which the composer graciously accepted and followed, a gentleman came into the room.

He was of small stature, rather frail, with shoulders of unequal height, high waving blond hair and a beard almost like that of a youth. The features of this man, whose exterior excited immediate sympathy, were of nothing uncommon. Neither handsome nor ordinary, but unusually attractive. Medium sized blue eyes, whose gaze reminded one of an innocent child, took the observer captive at once. I was pleased not a little as the introduction occurred, to learn that the gentleman who was possessor of the fine eyes and head was a musician whose finely invented melodies had already won my heart. It was Eduard Grieg, the distinguished Norwegian composer, who for about fifteen years had enjoyed a fine popularity in Russia as well as the Scandinavian north.

I think it is no error when I say that in the same degree that Brahms has been perhaps wrongfully disliked in Russia, Eduard Grieg has found it possible to capture the Russian heart forever. In his melodies pervaded by a gentle sadness, the beauties of the Norwegian nature are reflected. They are grand, almost sublime, almost hazy, and unassumingly inadequate, but possessing something inexpressibly beautiful, a kindred tone that arouses an echo in our hearts. It is probable that Grieg is much less a master than Brahms, follows many less elevated paths and denies himself the search for a bottomless depth; but on this account he stands much nearer to humanity. When we hear music by Grieg, we feel instinctively that a man speaks who wishes to pour out in tone the fancy and feeling of a highly poetic nature. And he neither tramples upon theories nor laws previously laid down, but follows the impulse of a living and artistic being. Completeness in the mechanical form, with strong and faultless working out of the themes, will not be always looked for in Grieg; but what charm, what directness and freshness of musical fancy are there to make up for their absence! How much of buoyant life and compassion are in his harmonies; how much originality in his pliant modulations, and how much individuality in his rythm. Add to this that his music does not try to present something deep and altogether unheard of, and that everything far fetched and tormenting is kept out of the way, and it is not to be wondered that Grieg is

popular everywhere. It is not a cause for wonder that his name is found on all concert programs in Germany and in Scandinavia, in Paris and London, as well as in Vienna and Moscow, and that the foreigners who visit the old bay city of Bergen in Norway consider it a pleasant duty to look, if only from a distance, upon the little retreat which Grieg has built for himself among the rocks on the strand, and in which he spends the greater part of his life.

It would seem like self praise, since previous to this dithyramb upon Grieg's talent, I explained that his nature and mine were closely related. Though I call attention to Grieg's superb qualities, I certainly do not claim to be possessor of the same. I shall leave it to others to decide how many I lack of those attributes that Grieg seems to have in abundance, and content myself by only establishing the fact that the gifted Norwegian found in me something of that sympathy which had first drawn me to him. At a later time I shall be able to present further evidence of this.

When Grieg entered the room that day at Brodsky's he was accompanied by a woman grown slightly gray, who resembled him very much, and was of that same gentle and sympathetic demeanor. It was his wife and cousin as well, and this kinship explained the resemblance. Afterwards I had opportunities of becoming acquainted with Frau Grieg's good qualities. In the first place she was a beautiful singer, though she had received no instruction, and secondly, she had a fine knowledge of our literature, for which Grieg also showed a fine interest; and, thirdly, she was quite as agreeable and goodhearted as her distinguished consort.

In the same company was still another personality with which I wish to dwell for a time. As we sat at tea there came suddenly into the room a beautiful setter hound of fine breeding, and the animal proceeded to greet the members of the family in turn.

"This means that Miss Smith will soon be here," they all cried as if in a single voice. A few minutes later the lady did appear—a tall, slender Englishwoman, neither young nor beautiful, but who had a shrewd and expressive countenance. She was introduced as an art lover. Miss Smith is one of the few woman composers who can be taken seriously. She has

lived in Leipzig for some years, has made a careful study of composition and has written a few interesting things, principal among which is a violin sonata that I have since heard her play superbly with Brodsky. As there are no Englishwomen without their whims and peculiarities, so Miss Smith has hers. First, the beautiful dog, that was hardly ever away from his mistress; second, the passion for hunting, on which account the lady often made visits to England; and, third, the blind and almost incomprehensible worship of the genius of Brahms. It was her belief that Brahms constituted the pinnacle of all music, that all music which had gone before was only preparatory to his, and that the ideal of absolute musical beauty was all embodied in the person of the master of Vienna. As ever, when I have met such fanatic Brahms worshipers, I asked myself with some anxiety if these people were somewhat wrong, or if God and nature had left me neglected and unworthy to receive the dispensation predicted by von Buelow.

On this same day that was so rich in various other experiences and was also New Year's Day, 1888, I attended an unusual concert in the Gewandhaus, wherein a composition by Brahms was performed for the first time. It was the double concerto for violin and 'cello. Joachim played the violin part, the Berlin virtuoso Hausmann played the 'cello and Brahms directed the orchestra in person. Notwithstanding the superb performance, the composition left no impression upon me. But I was greatly moved by the production of several choruses very well sung a capella, among which were a motette by Bach. The organization was one of young men and boys constituting the Leipzig Thomas Choir. I had never before heard anything like it, and I must say that I was astonished and grieved, since I had believed that some among the best of our Russian choruses were the finest in the world. The performance of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony would have also given me great delight had I not found that the venerable conductor, Professor Carl Reinecke, took the tempo too slowly. Probably it was in accordance with time honored tradition, but even at this, it were better not to remain a slave to it, for I am thoroughly convinced that we perform this huge tone creation in a manner much more animated and imposing.

The hall of the Gewandhaus pleased me immensely. It holds

a large audience, is well lighted and well ventilated, tastefully and richly decorated, and what is most important, possesses model acoustic properties. In the spacious logis reserved for the concert directory were many important personalities of the Leipzig concert world, with al of whom I became acquainted—among them, Professor Reinecke, who was very gracious toward me.

SCHOOL MUSIC IN THE PRIMARY GRADES.

BY CHARLES I. RICE.*

Successful teaching of music in the primary grades calls for the carrying on of two distinct lines of work both of equal importance. First, the introduction of the child to the great subject of music itself through the medium of rote-songs presented orally by the teacher, and learned by the pupil purely by imitation, and second, the training of the child in the use of a few of the many symbols by means of which composers communicate their musical ideas to others. In this discussion, the rote-song is to be regarded as a necessary part of a well devised scheme for teaching the art of reading music to children, and will be treated in its relations to the desired end. Incidentally, much good along many lines of general development may accrue to the schools where rote work is carried on in a skillful, orderly manner, but as a teacher of music, I shall regard the rote-song simply as a factor in the child's musical education.

In passing, it may be said that any subject which has come to be represented by a recognized set of symbols, is of vastly more vital interest than the symbols by which it is represented, and that, as a consequence, in introducing the subject of music to children, it should never be through the medium of the symbol, but through actual touch with the vital, effervescing essence of music itself. Viewed in this way, the rote-song is, as it were, the cup from which our little ones receive their first draught from the great fountain of music, and capacity for the full enjoyment of the draught is conditional, not on any previous analytical knowledge of the subject, but solely on the thirst of the recipient.

The chemist in his laboratory derives no more satisfaction from the draught of H_2O drunk from his graduate than does the unlettered child from his drink of cool spring water dipped up in a gourd-shell or battered tin cup.

The knowledge or ignorance of symbol does not add to, or de-

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tract from, the appreciation of either drinker—each enjoys the draught equally if equally thirsty.

The position of those who believe that the teaching of songs as a part of the child's musical education should be delayed until the pupil can learn them by his own efforts, either from numerals or notes, is similar to that of a parent who would withhold from his child the first taste of water until such time as the child was able to go and get it for himself, or perhaps a better parallel, until he had learned the chemical symbol for water.

Such a child, denied all experimental knowledge of the subject itself, seeing no use for the symbol, wants nothing to do with it; for, having never tasted of the fountain, he knows not the sweetness of its water. In the eyes of a child thus taught, the purveyor of music from the street-piano is a much greater man than his teacher, and from the child's standpoint, rightly so, for he is unable to see any connection between the dry-bones of music which are rattled in his hearing daily, and the enlivening strains at the sound of which he must perforce caper about and kick up his heels.

I must on my own account plead guilty to having, in the past, filled the children's heads with a lot of sterile hieroglyphics which I hoped after a suitable period of incubation would hatch out a musical brood.

The fact that a few of the pupils thus treated have turned out well is because in some way their nest-full of infertile symbols became impregnated with the living embryo of Music without my knowledge. The farmer, whose old hen is faithful concerning the dozen eggs entrusted to her care and comes off the nest with but one chicken, concluded at once that there was something the matter with the eggs, and it is my opinion that the small percentage of results with which we have in the past been satisfied ought to lead us to scrutinize the eggs with a good deal of care.

It is our business in teaching music, to see that the symbols are constantly vitalized by touch with song itself, for only so shall we get the best returns from our pupils in the interest in, and love of, the subject.

In speaking to an audience of teachers, I need not generalize on the power of habit, good or bad, in all lines of our school work, but will simply say that every good rote-song properly

taught is an important factor in the training of the ear, and a forward step in the cultivation of a discriminating taste.

Every succeeding rendition should be a training for the voice; and the cumulative result of careful guidance in the subject, an ever increasing intelligence in the rendering of new songs.

While all these desirable things—good tone production, distinct enunciation, correct habits of breathing, and proper song-rendering, follow naturally where rote singing is conducted at its best, we will consider for a moment some violations of the ethics of the subject which are always disastrous—not sometimes, but always.

One or two illustrations will suffice. I have seen pupils come in from play full of muscle and animal spirits induced by open-air exercise, and in the dressing-room strike up a song on some hap-hazard pitch, tramping noisily to their seats, and singing (save the mark) in a manner calculated to make the windows rattle.

I have heard of teachers who, to gain time for recording attendance, turn the school loose on music while working over the register, sitting placidly by, examples of inhibition, while murder most foul is being done upon the defenceless body of a song.

We hear much about the community of feeling induced by the singing of a song—that is unifies the scattered attention of the class and brings the warped wills of the forty or fifty different pupils back into shape, so that the teacher may arrange them into neat and compact groups, distributing to this section, arithmetic; to that, geography, and to the other, language.

Now let me say that no community of feeling brought about for the unification of a class, can fulfil its mission if its basic principle is license or disorder. I have seen the most perfect unity of purpose and good feeling manifest itself instantaneously in a school-room where, but a moment before, each individual had been intent on his own schemes or perplexities, and this sudden change was brought about by the appearance of a mouse about two inches long. Such a community of purpose is not healthful, viewed from the teacher's standpoint, and is apt to prove unhealthful for the mouse, which, should it

escape, is rendered unfit by reason of the nervous shock for attendance upon educational matters for several days.

Insecure as is the position of the mouse at such a time, the predicament of the rote-song is much worse, for while the former always has its hole into which it can retreat when hard pressed, the latter, once carelessly given to the children and habitually performed without skillful supervision, is at everybody's mercy to be bandied about from mouth to mouth until twisted out of all semblance of its original form.

This particular variety of community feeling, as a preparative for educational action, is entirely useless to a teacher, whether it be brought about by "rough and tumble" rote-singing, or some other means equally outside the pale of the educational fold. I raise no objection to the rote-song being made to carry other peoples' bundles if its main object is kept constantly in view.

Understand me, I am not arguing selfishly for a more restricted field of action, but for a broader usefulness through a better understanding of the dignity of the song. Where this understanding prevails the rote-song is never asked to take the place of a whispering recess, nor is its safety ever hazarded for the purpose of removing other varieties of educational roasted chestnuts from the dangers of incineration. Rote-singing, like any other branch of school work, needs the care of the teacher to keep it true to itself and to render it incidentally useful in other directions. Remember that carelessness or indifference in the attitude of the teacher regarding any one of the subjects taught, is a constant menace to success in all. Let the rote-song do its legitimate work in the training of the ear, the vocal and articulatory organs and in the building up of a good standard for the exercise of musical judgment. Let it bring its message of good cheer, of the beauties of nature, of reverence to God and love for all His works, always doing it the honor of a respectful, orderly presentation and performance, and all the other desirable things, such as unanimity of feeling and readiness for action, will follow. I wish to make it plain first, last and always, that rote-singing conducted for its own sake, and kept true to its mission, will incidentally do better service in all other lines. In other words, it will be able to do its own work better, and carry more bundles for others.

II.

Having thus exploited the ethics of the subject showing what we may reasonably expect from the song and indicating the kind of treatment rightfully due to the song from the teacher, I will devote a few minutes to the practical detail work.

First, the Character of the Songs. Let them be songs that touch upon something within the range of the child's experience. Let children sing about the sun, moon, and stars; about mother's love, dolls, or pets, birds or flowers; about the seasons, snow-storms or showers—in short, anything that is of common interest.

Avoid somber songs; let there be no "melancholy days" or "saddest" time of the year in the child's calendar.

Second, as to difficulty. The songs used in the first grade must of necessity be short, of easy range and well marked rhythm, but the imitative faculties develop so rapidly that in the second and third grades the limitations of the teacher are often more in the way than those of the pupils. At this point I cannot do better than to quote from a well-known writer and practical school-room teacher. Complications of rhythm, of pitch, difficulties of execution need not stand in the way, if you are complete master of them yourself."

If I had not in the earlier part of this paper devoted so much time to the explanation of the little-understood ethics of rote-singing, it might be deemed presumptuous in me to stand before a body of teachers trained in the general science of education, and advise them not to try to teach a class something they do not know themselves. It would be an insult in any other line of work, and yet, after a goodly number of years experience, what I would especially impress upon all teachers regarding the rote-song work is first, know the song. Know the language in all its bearings; know the music; know it as a whole and know it line by line. It is a direct musical quotation from some one who is most assuredly entitled to be quoted correctly.

Certain songs traditionally sung in the schools at the Thanksgiving or Christmas seasons, Washington's birthday, Memorial Day, etc., should be correctly taught early in the course, instead of allowing the little ones to pick up vitiated renderings from older children.

The first verse, at least, of "America" should be known by

every first grade child, and every third grade pupil should have all the verses at his tongue's end, special attention being paid to the long note half way through on the word "sing," and to the language. Allow no substitutes of personal pronouns for definite articles. Did you ever hear "Land of thy pilgrims pride?" If this were to be universally done, the mortifying experiences of more than one of my acquaintances would in a few years become an impossibility.

On the trans-Atlantic steamship lines a very popular dull-day pastime is singing, and it frequently happens when the tunes known in common are exhausted, that the different groups fall to singing their national anthems. A few Germans can always make the air resound with their "Watch on the Rhine." Likewise, "God Save the Queen" is safe if a half dozen sturdy Britons are present, but nothing short of a Divine inspiration or the tune book can ever save "America" from total collapse after the first verse.

While there may be sentimental reasons for our wishing the children to know the poem "Star Spangled Banner," the music should not be taught in the primary grades on account of its extreme range, or in any other grades on account of its general unsingableness. That the music is from an old English hunting song is of no consequence in itself if the words and music only fitted each other; but such is far from the case. Gluck says: "The union between the air and the words should be so close that the poem seems made for the music, no less than the music for the poem." When you have an opportunity apply this test and I think you will agree with me that the song "Star Spangled Banner" is a proper candidate for the musical divorce courts, on grounds of general incompatibility of the two parties of the union.

The song beginning "O Columbia Gem of the Ocean" usually appears with the name of David F. Shaw attached as author and composer, but according to Fitz-Gerald in "Stories of Famous Songs," the poem is tracable to Timothy Dwight, ancestor of the recent president of Yale, and himself at the head of this college from 1795 to 1817. Whether it was a product of his own brain or, as some would have us believe, a plagiarism from an earlier author's creation, beginning "O Brittannia Gem of the Ocean," the line quoted is an anomaly to which

the mature college president would probably point as illustrative of the folly of youth. The figure which so aptly describes Queen Victoria's little sea-girt isle appears little short of absurd when applied to Columbia, and lends color to the latter supposition. "Gem of the Ocean" forsooth! Why, there is not an ocean on the globe of sufficient size so but what if Columbia could be taken up and dropped into it unannounced, the dwellers upon its shores would think the second deluge had come. "Gem of the Ocean!" No! We should not only strive to be poetical, but our figures of speech should stand the test of analysis. How would "Columbia Whale of the Ocean" do?

"Mt. Vernon's Bells," often sung in the neighborhood of Feb. 22d, is an illustration of the fact that the commonplace of colloquial speech are unendurable when language is wedded to music. The following: "Mt. Vernon is situated on the 'Putomuc' River" would pass muster very well in a geography lesson, but let me sing (illustrating) "Where Putomucs Stream is flowing," and it would be a dull ear indeed which would raise no protest. Ferdinand Hiller says: "The union of speech and music is the noblest bond that has ever been consummated," and from the above citation it is readily seen that language is gainer by reason of the union, as it is raised to a plane which demands a more dignified and refined treatment than when it lived a life of single blessedness. This is not the first time that the appearance of a sometime old bachelor has been improved by association with gentler influences.

Von Weber says: "Strict truth in declamation is the first and foremost requisite of vocal music."

I have read somewhere that over 500,000 copies of the song and chorus "Marching Through Georgia" (Sherman's march to the sea) have been sold, and I speak advisedly when I say that never but once have I heard this song rendered correctly.

While all sorts of mistakes in intonation and time are heard, there is one error which stands out invariably, and it is of a sort which we as teachers would be expected to remedy, namely a departure from "strict truth in declamation." I refer to the burden of the song "While we were marching through Georgia."

The composer has done all in his power to indicate by notes his intention; the publishers have printed copies without stint; the public has bought liberally, as above stated, but despite all

this and in face of our supposed common sense, we always hear it sung "While we were mar-ching through Georgia."

If there were such a thing as the bestowal of a martyr's crown upon an inanimate object, "Lead Kindly Light" would be entitled to one of gold, studded with diamonds, for it has received more kinds of ill treatment than would seem possible. Notes changed, rhythm disregarded, modifiers and their principal words torn asunder, and finally, this hymn, the humble prayer of a contrite soul to God for guidance, sung with lawless abandon and stentorian tones, such as would do credit to a bus-load of people returning from a husking, where good cheer had prevailed.

Let me say once more, know the song before you teach it, and this brings me to a consideration of the question: "How shall I teach a rote-song to a class?" Having to teach a song I would begin the first thing in the morning in order that I might, by having a half dozen short periods during the day, fix matters pretty thoroughly before giving the children an opportunity for practice by themselves. The next morning, before asking the children to sing, I would hold up the model to them by singing the song as if it was entirely new, then have it sung by the school, carefully noting any over-night inaccuracies and making corrections.

Proceeding as on the first day in respect to a number of short periods, the second afternoon should see the song well in hand and unlikely to give trouble if subsequent performances are well looked after. The details of teaching a song vary somewhat among first-class teachers of my acquaintances, so I will say that the following method which I prefer is not advanced as being the only right one.

I begin by singing the song through to the class, not once, but five or six times, or at least until I see by watching the faces that my hearers begin to anticipate what is coming next. It is essential that the spirit of the song be made plain before you are ready to take up the detail work of a single phrase. While I know that many teachers are in the habit of teaching words and music separately, I do not prefer that method. I would say, teach the song complete, and if afterwards the language needs any special attention for its better understanding or its better pronunciation, give what is necessary. Music is one thing,

language is another, and the union of the two results is something quite different from either. Richard Wagner says: "I examined the relations of music to poetry, and came to the conclusion that the extreme limits of one mark the exact point at which the sphere of the other begins, and that it is, therefore, a close union of both which affords us a means of expressing with the utmost truth and clearness, what separately and individually they cannot express."

To illustrate: I have spent much time in private, preparing for this occasion, and now stand before this class of children with my song well learned. I never have to ask children to forget themselves, you know, so I shall proceed at once to business. Now in teaching you this song, I need nothing but your ears and shall request you to close your eyes and shut out from your consciousness everything but that which can come to you through your sense of hearing. Very good! Now each one in this hall is, to all practical purposes, alone. You are expectant, but passively so; listen:

(Song is sung.)

Now you have changed; you are alert and keenly observant of every word and tone. I shall sing this song over and over to you until I see a relaxation of your faces, and when that look of keenness gives way to a more placid expression, I shall know that it is time for me to call for dividends on my investment and that you will presently return to me five hundred fold that which I have given you.

Now what impressions do you take away regarding this performance? You say, "He used the pitch-pipe frequently." Your classes will notice the same thing in you, and your opportunity for impressing, or neglecting to impress, the necessity of accuracy in pitch, comes daily, while mine with you comes but once.

The song was repeated a sufficient number of times so that all might fully realize its general character before the pupils were asked to attempt any part of it. The teacher sang for, not with, his pupils, then they sang for, not with, him, and each listened politely to the others' performance.

As a finale to this division of my address I will quote from a writer in the "School Music Journal." "Pedagogically you

have no excuse whatever for singing with your pupils. Sing to them, but do not sing with them." Let me add on my own account: Never start the singing of a song without first accurately determining the pitch from tuning fork, pitch-pipe, or some other convenient **standard**.

GOTTSCHALK ON THE VOCAL TREMOLO.

Chicago, May 15, 1900.

My Dear Mr. Matthews: Tremolo of the voice is a defect, and as such has no excuse for its existence, being the result of either one of the three following causes: Diseased vocal organs, old age, or defective breathing.

If vocal students, and consequently singers, would bear in mind the position of the lungs in relation to the larynx, they would possibly comprehend in a quicker way that the glottis is to be hermetically closed one instant before the air furnished from the lungs (consequently from below the larynx) strikes the vocal cord which form the inner edges of the glottis.

I do not think it is exaggeration to say that two-thirds of the people indulging in the defect called tremolo bring it upon themselves by the lack of firmness in attacking the note, thus allowing the air to filtrate through the vocal cords before the glottis is hermetically closed. Sincerely yours,

L. G. GOTTSCHALK.

THE TIME-MARKING SYSTEM IN MUSIC.

BY T. CARL WHITMER.

(Concluded from p. 178, June, 1900.)

Now, our present system recognizes that a quarter is always twice as long as an eighth. Let us also recognize that the quarter note is always twice as accentuated as the eighth. But, someone will say, we can always tell the relation of the quarter and eighth because they occur in one measure together; how are we to tell what unit to use for a time-mark simply by thinking abstractly? You can't. There is only one way: Resort to the metronome again. Measure off distances—or degrees, rather—adopting a plan consistent with number of units desired for time-marks. The metronome does not contain enough marks to satisfy our principle and therefore we will be obliged to calculate some way from the metronome.

Let the whole note be represented by M. M. 20; the half note be represented by M. M. 40; the quarter note be represented by M. M. 80; the eighth note be represented by M. M. 160; the sixteenth note be represented by M. M. 320; the thirty-second note be represented by M. M. 640.

But that alone is far too rigid. To give pliability:

Let the whole note be represented by M. M. from 20 to 40 (not including latter); the half, 40 to 80; the quarter, 80 to 160; the eighth, 160 to 320; the sixteenth, 320 to 640; and the thirty-second, 640 to 1,280.

Which means that if we desire to write a piece, the unit of which shall be metronomically rated at 108, we should mark the unit by a quarter note. The Adagio of Widor (before mentioned) would have greater significance if written in 3-2 time than in 3-8. If I desire this same piece in compound time (6-4 T. B.) let the metronome be marked 92 for a quarter note, and the calculating of accents remains accurate.

I have said that the longa and breve should be retained in our system. I suggest the use of the longa, not as a time

unit only but as a convenient way of marking a measure value when we shall use times such as 4-1, etc. If need be in similar cases let the old maxima occasionally be used. These signs are very readily seen and will save the use of ties. I have also said that the metronomic degree should determine the unit-value; not only should it determine; it must determine. Hence we need not write as at present M. M. 108 equals a quarter note, for the quarter note in the time-mark will at once explain the rate of speed as well as accent.

Some Weaknesses in Our Present System.

First—The use—almost entirely—of the fraction form in the time-mark.

Second—The use of the "Alla Breve."

Third—The dependence upon words to express certain rate of movement.

Fourth—The use of C for common time, or the same mark crossed for alla breve.

Fifth—The little use of uneven time.

Consideration of the first weakness: The fraction form of the time-mark should be completely abolished. Because (1) 4-4 or 2-4 or 6-8 are not fractions. Fractions can be reduced to lower terms while these cannot be changed, simply because the denominator does not mean what it says. The absurdity of placing 4 for a quarter note.

(2) Children have trouble with it. They are taught in school that 6-8 can be reduced to 3-4. Then when they come to the music lesson they are taught that it cannot be reduced. I do not object to the vertical system as will be seen by my here recommending the use generally of the form of 4 over a quarter note, or 3 over a quarter, etc., at the head of a composition.

Consideration of the second weakness: Alla Breve is one way for overcoming the inaccuracy of a weak accentual system. It is more suggestive than the fraction-form equivalent would be. But suggestiveness is not enough. We must know. I will not repeat myself so will conclude by saying that the Alla Breve method is not necessary when we calculate according to the method suggested in this article. Like other useless things the Alla Breve will not be missed.

Consideration of the third weakness: Accuracy and economy are necessary to every system. As long as we use five or seven signs to suggest—intuitively, of course—what can be accomplished with one or two signs we are not frugal. And frugality—the kind you can't see—is the first principle of art and a system or art.

We have no moodal metronome and so a word becomes of use to indicate a certain spirit or mood—when once the grammatical accents are decided by our metronome. But away with all those useless French, German, Italian and English names. A piece of music is too polyglot.

Consideration of the fourth weakness: C, common time; common time—I should think so!

C crossed, common time *alla-brevé*, so to speak. Put both these signs where the goats at judgment day are supposed to go. They are not fit for an exact accentual system.

Consideration of the fifth weakness: As one will find on examination very little use is made in existing music of "time" which we call uneven. And this is another great mystery. Chopin's type of music, for example, should have it. As we found in our perusal of marks found in the examples of Widor, Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin no uneven time was used. A few examples here and there seem like foundlings; only there are so few asylums for these poor musical castaways (I often think them). So few men will recognize that they have a worth. Sometimes the composer seems even ashamed of them. Baron F. de La Tombelle writes an *Organ Elegie* in 7-4 time and puts a little dotted line down the staff after the fourth count.

Then other composers are afraid of the number seven (7) so they head their pieces 4-4, 3-4, in double-headed fashion; and alternate measures will indulge in four counts and the "other alternates" will have one less. And in the third place conductors are equally afraid of their fives and sevens, etc. They beat 3-2 or 4-3, etc., instead of a straight seven. Quinary and septenary times have as much independent existence as duple binary, duple ternary, etc.

Each grouping is individually functional and must be thought that way, written that way, played that way and beat (not beaten) that way.

There is one justification for "double-headed" marking. It is when the composer desires two impulses in the course of seven (7) counts. E. g. 7-4 has only one impulse and six pulses; (4-4 3-4) has two impulses and five pulses. (Those impulses must be calculated by a metronomic oscillation and the pulses will be relatively weak. This question of the proper use of the metronome is very interesting. In fact both proper and improper uses have afforded me much opportunity for the observation of the infantile efforts of some editors and composers to indicate in an indirect way the accentual intention. For example a composition is in 4-4, while the metronome marks according to an eighth note. By this was intended, "This piece should have more equalization of impulses and pulses than is suggested by the quarter-note unit." I do not refer to those pieces where, there not being any degree to correspond with a certain unit, a doubled or halved degree would be given; but to cases where no mechanical factor was to be considered. These few cases are very suggestive. And this is, as earlier stated, what the *alla breve* too really is, an attempt to indicate accent by an indirect means.

This *alla breve* is a cross between simple and compound time, having the effect of simple time with the signs of the compound article.

There is an important affecting element entering into the selection of time values. This element is form.

It is, of course, quite unnecessary to carry my plan any farther because it will stand by virtue of its present consistency. But the discussion so far has been concerned principally with the rendering units absolute and with the defining of certain arbitrary standards. But, in order to render my meaning more clear and my suggestion more vital, I append the following:

It is necessary to fully understand the fundamental characteristics of a certain form before a satisfactory interpretation can exist. We must have an appreciation of the conventional form and rhythmic features of a gavotte, for example, or of a march, or of a bourree. Various forms have various characteristics and those characteristics are sometimes consistently maintained as with the gavotte. In some other

forms there is no palpable characteristic. All gavottes have their form and their rhythmic features (which latter alone may determine or define the kind of dance) similar to all other gavottes; while sonatas have only a similarity as to form. Now, all form musical is rhythm. Hence we divide our affecting element into two heads:

(1) Type-rhythm (that feature e. g. which belongs to the gavotte alone and makes it appreciable to the mind even without actually hearing the melody, but which has nothing to do with form); (2) form-rhythm (relating to the phrases, sections, periods, etc.

Type-Rhythm—This type-rhythm has both grammatically accentual features, and features of speed. The grammatical features decide the species as simple or compound, etc.; the tempo features must decide the unit-value.

E. g., Gavottes—if in the old-style tempo—should always be in compound time and the unit large. I'd like to see that Bach B. minor gavotte written in 4-2 or even 8-4.

Form-Rhythm—Those "grammatical features" have the most to do with our decisions as to exact markings. Nevertheless the form, in the broad sense of that word "rhythm," must be considered. In order to get at this I will have to resort to what is known as "talk." But it is recognized that suggestive writing is more effective at times than that which presents great aggregations of facts. As Mr. W. S. B. Mathews puts it: "It is freely admitted that there is in music a considerable nimbus of mysticism and that many students derive positive advantage from suggestive writing which never reaches the point of actually expressing an idea."

So with what follows. Form is a factor in our music. It is the only factor which is at all tangible. This tangibility expresses itself to the ear, to the eye, to the finger-point. Certain lengths and breadths are suggestive of certain unwordable ideas. These ideas affect only the auricular sense. There are factors within these ideas—i. e., in their physical expression—which are, to a degree, material. The main factor is accent. The main idea which this main factor presents is movement. Movement is expressed by character of inherent emotion. This emotion is expressed by the "length and breadth"—or "form" as we call it—as well as by the

specific energy. Specific energy confines itself to a measure or a part of it. Length and breadth, or "form," requires a dominating general emotion in order to mould it. Therefore, as the character of an emotion defines the length and breadth, the length and breadth are the material realization of this emotion and express the character thereof. As this is the case, the form defines (for the ear) the emotion; and as specific form (which is accent by compound) is included in general form (which is a definer of a general emotion) and in fact is created by the same emotion, it is necessary to gauge one's impulses and pulses by—to a degree—the general form (which is sufficiently comprehensive to include phrases, sections, periods, etc.).

Sonatas, for instance, require a very much more frequent adjusting of units and number of units owing to the diversity of matter and "lengths" within its form than marches, minuets, etc.

There should be, in Beethoven's early Sonata in C major (Op. 2, No. 3) a change of units at the beginning of measures 13, 27, 61, etc., in the first movement for an example of what I mean.

In a short piece; or, in other words, in a composition which has small unity—as gavottes, minuets, etc.—it is not necessary as a rule to change the units, etc., until the trio is reached.

But in long compositions—and the longer they are the more so is this true—one must change units and time-markings whenever the musical idea or intention changes, in order to indicate the accurate accenting. Without being didactic and pedantic, I assert that the speed, character and length of measures, phrases, sections, periods and complete "forms" must be the determiners of units in the time-marking, species and changes of the units in the time-markings and species.

Gavottes—when normal—must have large rather than small units; compound rather than simple time.

Marches slow or marches fast must show by the unit and species their characteristics, etc.

And now there are two more affecters of decisions as to species:

1. Styles of expression (*legato*, *staccato*, etc.).

2. Dynamics of expression (pp., ff., mf., sfz., etc.).

These styles and dynamics of expression affect the case in so far only as they are maintained consistently for any length of time. It would be a stiff, formal system—and worthy of Arabic *Finicals*—which would allow of no foreign affecters unless each and every unit and species was changed to suit it. It is a fact that legato passages in the abstract are less pulsed and impuled, so to speak, than staccato. Also a fact that *pianissimo* passages stand in a similar relation to *fortissimo* passages.

* * *

I will bring this article to a close with a partial resume.

Simple time has but one accent, to speak according to our present way. But every note in music has, when it becomes rhythmic by association with one or more values, an accent. That accent is palpable, too. Consequently it must be designated. But as the "value" is farther and farther removed from the "impulse" it is correspondingly weakened in force. Simple time should be spoken of as having one impulse, rather than one accent. Therefore what is usually said to be a "strong accent" we will designate as impulse. (An impulse is a creative force; a pulse is passive.)

Then, too, the "value" is weakened relatively as it is distant from the impulse. Therefore pulses in simple time are decreasingly weak according to position, which brings forward my second point, viz., that in ternary, quinary, septenary, novenary, etc., time (simple) there is one impulse and two, four, six, eight, etc., pulses according to the time.

Three-quarter (3-4) time is usually written with one heavy accent and two light. I write it one heavy, one moderate, one light, which means in both cases that there is one impulse and two pulses; but, as I write it, the pulses grow gradually weaker (as expressed by different sizes).

Compound time has impulses, in number, according to number of compounded groups; and the pulses, in number, are calculated according to factors minus one of the simple group. The impulses weaken relatively and the pulses weaken according to the enervation of the impulses newly environed.

It is possible to extend a system indefinitely, but for all

practical purposes it is sufficient to use the following units: thirty-second, sixteenth, eighth, fourth, half, and whole; and the following species, using as individual each of the preceding units: binary, ternary, quinary and septenary in simple time; and duple, triple, quadruple, quintuple, sextuple, septuple and octuple binary; duple, triple, quadruple, quintuple and sextuple ternary; duple and triple quinary, and duple septenary.

There is embarrassment at first when we find such a wide field to work in. The difficulty lies in the numerous "values" from which one may select. Now suppose that a man is undecided whether to use a six-quarter with three impulses (T. B.) or three-half, which is simple ternary, and has, of course, but one impulse. The following reasoning will take place in his mind:

"Three-two is simple time. Therefore it has but one impulse. Six-four is compound time. Therefore, being triple binary, it has three impulses. That one impulse in 3-2 is not so creative (specifically)—not so projective—as the impulse in 6-4, which is the actuator of a triply compounded time. Then, too, there are three impulses in 6-4, two of which are enervated, it is true, but nevertheless impulses, to one in 3-2. And those two weakened impulses in 6-4 are more equalized and energetic emphasis than the two pulses in 3-2, even leaving the three to two pulses (three in 6-4 and two in 3-2) out of the question of comparison. My theme does not admit of the simple time, owing to its (the theme's) weight." (Of course a composer must first be intimate with his theme.)

The whole matter stands thus: Each and every and any factor (or factors) is each and every and any individually functional.

It seems to me that this is a splendid attitude towards our system. And it is only one more proof of its adequacy, this being found equal to an arbitrary development theory; of which, in part, my application does partake. But the arbitrariness lies only in the application and not in the underlying principle.

In order to render yet more pliable our system I beg to note the following:

I have said that binary, ternary, quinary and septenary

time are simple yet did not include quaternary or sextenary, etc., for the reason that these latter are really compound times. But to render them of use in simple time I suggest that if, for example, we desire 4 time (which has two impulses and two pulses) to carry but one impulse—thereby making it simple time—we adopt a signature thus (4-5—), which means that only one impulse will be expressed. This variation will not interfere with the consistency of our system.

If we, at any time, may desire an absolute equality of impulse and pulse (impulse with pulse is more clear, perhaps) there is only one way to secure it, viz., by temporarily dropping our theory that no less than two factors make a measure and make our time mark show a one (1) in the upper member (e. g. 1-0).

It is quite possible to extend our number of times very considerably. But, to my mind, it is as already defined adequate to all present needs. It must be remembered that the theoretical list of times is inexhaustible while the practical or auricular limits are soon defined.

It has been my endeavor to keep from theorizing as much as possible; but notwithstanding this, a great many difficulties will be met in the exact application of the herein contained suggestions. Or, if not the application on the part of the composer at least a ready understanding on the part of the interpreter. New relations of impulses and accents are met with; but as our present system is arbitrary (yet the "relations" are understood—perhaps by tradition, so to speak), so this system, being really but our old system enlarged, is arbitrary, too. The arbitrariness here is merely that which exists in the present system.

But, what is here superior, these arbitrarinesses are systematized, which they are not to any extent in the present usage.

I felt, during the preparation of this article, that the subject of accent—for I use the word accent when intended to cover the general sense of this vital and energetic factor—was, after all, but a drop in the bucket. But before I began and since I have finished I recognized and I recognize that it is at least the largest drop.

There is nothing which bears so vital a relation to expres-

sion as do accents, and therefore there is no field in which more or better work can be done.

I desire that my plan be freely taken up, torn apart and examined. If we wish to develop our system let there be a unity of purpose among musicians in order that we attain for our system a scope of accentual expression on the written page hitherto unattained.

I ask all who intend thinking on this subject to kindly forget that Bach, Beethoven, et al., did not use this system.

Therefore, let me state, in conclusion, that I am perfectly well acquainted with the fact that this system is not in use, nor has it been, saeculorum, etc.

Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.

TO MUSIC.

O Music, when thy spell is on my heart,
What in my weakness thou dost seem, I am ;
But what thou art—great God, I cannot think,
Yet far, far hence I know I shall become.

—Walter Francis Kenrick.

HOPE IS GREEN.

BY FREDERIC S. LAW.

(From the German of Alexander Kielland.)

"Ole, you are kicking up a dust," cried Hans.

Ole did not hear him. "He is as deaf as Frank Maren," thought Hans, and cried louder, "Ole, you are kicking up a dust."

"I beg your pardon," said Ole, and lifted his feet high in the air with every step. Not for the world would he do anything to annoy his brother; he already had enough on his conscience. Was he not even now thinking of the one his brother loved, and was it not wicked in him that he could not control an affection which was an injury to Hans, his own brother, especially as it was utterly hopeless? Ole sat in strict judgment on himself and while he kept on the other side of the road in order not to raise the dust he strove with all his might to think only of indifferent things. But no matter where he began he always found himself back at the forbidden subject; his thoughts fluttered around it like moths around a candle.

The brothers, who were passing the vacation with their uncle, the pastor, were on their way to the head bailiff's, where the young people were to meet for a dance. A large number of students were visiting in the neighborhood, and in consequence the dancing fever was spreading like an epidemic from farm to farm. Hans therefore was in his element; he sang, danced, cracked jokes from morning to night, and if he had been a little sharp with his brother about the dust it was only because he was vexed at not being able to inspire him with the same high spirits.

We know what weighed on Ole's mind, but even under normal conditions he was more quiet and silent than his brother. He danced "like a nut cracker," Hans said, nor could he sing; Hans declared that his voice even in speaking was monotonous and unsympathetic—besides he was timid and awkward when in the company of ladies.

As they neared the bailiff's they heard a carriage behind them.

"Here comes the doctor," said Hans, as he stepped aside for a greeting, for the doctor's daughter was the object of his admiration.

"Oh, how charming she looks in pink," cried Hans. Ole saw from the first that she was dressed in light pink, but did not dare to say a word for fear that his voice would betray him—his heart was fairly in his mouth.

The carriage rolled swiftly by. The young people bowed and smiled while the doctor called out, "We shall see you later."

"No, she wore light green," said Hans, who had hardly time to change his impression from pink to green; "but isn't she a beauty, Ole?"

"Yes," answered Ole stiffly.

"You are a stupid," cried Hans angrily, "but even if you have no eye for beauty it seems to me that you might at least show some interest in my—my—my future."

"If you only knew how much interest I did have in her," sighed Ole to himself, casting his eyes to the ground.

This meeting raised Hans' spirits to an unwonted height even for him; he swung his stick, snapped his fingers and sang at the top of his voice. As he thought of the fleeting vision in green, which he said made him think of spring flowers and summer birds, an old song occurred to him which he forthwith proceeded to sing: "Hope is green—trommelommelom, trommelommelom. Ever fair—trommelommelom, trommelommelom."

This appeared so appropriate to the situation that he repeated it not only *ad infinitum* but *ad libitum*. Sometimes in the waltz movement of the original melody, sometimes as a march; now in loud, exulting tones, then in a whisper as though he were confiding the secret of his love to the moon and the forest.

It grated so on Ole's ears that he was almost beside himself. Though he had great veneration for his brother's singing yet he became so weary of the everlasting "trommelommelom" that it was a great relief when they finally arrived at their destination.

The afternoon passed off much as usual. Most of the guests were in love and those who were not, enjoyed themselves even more than those who were, since they had the amusement of watching the lovers. They played throwing the ring. Hans ran around the circle in all directions, cracking a thousand jokes, confusing the players and showed every possible attention to his fair one. Ole took the affair seriously, kept steadfastly at his post, catching and throwing the ring with the utmost precision. He also would have enjoyed himself if his conscience had not continually reproached with his unlawful love for his brother's "future."

As the evening grew cool the company repaired to the great hall and the dancing began. Ole never cared much for dancing at any time and on this occasion he felt like it less than ever. He passed the time in observing Hans, who paid the most devoted attention to his "future." It seemed to Ole that they were together in every dance and his heart tightened involuntarily every time that the light green dress swept by him on his brother's arm.

At last the hour for breaking up arrived. Most of the older people had already driven off in their venerable, unwieldy vehicles. As the night was clear the young people planned to walk home together in the moonlight. But when the last gallop was over the hostess declared that she could not allow the young ladies to leave directly after dancing; they must stay indoors for a half hour and cool off before venturing out into the night air. In order to pass the time pleasantly she asked Hans to sing. Hans, for his part, was nothing loath; he was not one of those unpleasant people who require to be coaxed; he was fully aware of his own merits.

Opinions as to his singing were, however, singularly divided. Three persons regarded it with undisguised admiration. They were first Ole, then Tanke Maren and finally Hans himself. Then came a large number who confessed that it amused them to hear Hans sing—"he always put so much into it." A few envious ones frankly asserted that he could neither sing nor play. Even Ole's admiration for his brother did not prevent him from secretly finding fault with him on the last score—that of his playing. He knew how much trouble the accompaniments cost Hans and his sisters who taught

them to him, especially those three minor chords with which he always wound up, and which he never failed to practice before going out into company. So when he saw Hans seat himself at the piano, run his fingers carelessly over the keys, throw his eyes up to the ceiling and murmur to himself, "How does it go now!" as if he were doing it on the spur of the moment, it ran cold down his back because he knew that Hans could only play three accompaniments; two major and one minor. And when just before rising from the piano he threw off the three minor chords in such an unstudied manner as if they had just occurred to him, Ole shook his head and said to himself: "That is not strictly honest of Hans."

In the meantime Hans did not spare himself. Schubert and Kjerulf were his favorites, so he sang "Du bist die Ruh," "Ich grolle nicht," "Die alku bosen Lieder," "Alles leg ich dir zer Fussen," "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen mach' ich die kleinen Lieder," all with the same careless assumption of ease and a light, only half-played accompaniment. The only place where disaster threatened him was in the dangerous passage, "Ich legt' auch meine Liebe und meinen Schmerz hinein," but he luckily got through with it without breaking down.

Suddenly Ole, who knew Hans' limitations as a pianist, was startled to hear him leave the beaten track and grope among the keys, bringing out something which to his dismay sounded like that unlucky song, "Hope is Green." To his great relief the attempt failed and Hans contented himself by carelessly humming the melody while he struck his three well-known chords.

"Now we are cooled off!" cried the doctor's daughter. Her anxiety to be off aroused a general laugh which so embarrassed her that her cheeks glowed like flame as she said good night.

Ole, who stood near the hostess, paid his respects to her and left the room, but Hans was detained by the bailiff who wanted to know who had been his instructor in music. Thus it happened that Ole and his charmer in light green met in the ante-room, where the young people had gathered around the clothes hooks, partly to get their own wraps, partly to pull down those belonging to the others.

"It's no use to go into that crowd," she said. With that Ole's throat contracted to such an extent that he could not speak—all he could do was to utter an inarticulate sound. The room was so small that they were side by side, and Ole would have given his little finger to be able to say something agreeable or even sensible, but it was utterly impossible.

"I am afraid that you have not enjoyed yourself this evening," she continued, in a friendly manner. As Ole thought of the stupid part he had played all evening his dullness seemed so oppressive that he burst out with what appeared to him even while speaking the silliest thing he could have said:

"It's a pity I can't sing."

"Perhaps it is a family weakness," she replied, with a mischievous look.

"Oh, no-o-o!" said Ole, greatly confused; "my brother sings beautifully."

"Indeed! Do you think so?" she returned drily.

This was the most singular experience which Ole had ever had; that there could be more than one opinion about his brother's singing, and that she, the "future," should not admire it! It was by no means pleasant.

Again a silence which Ole struggled to break, but in vain.

"Are you fond of dancing?" she asked.

"Not with every one," he blurted out.

She laughed, "Oh, but a man is always free to choose."

Ole felt as though the floor were giving away beneath him. He was like a pedestrian who, hurrying along on a winter evening absorbed in thought, suddenly finds himself on an icy surface—there was nothing to do but face the situation and hold himself erect as best he could, so with an energy born of despair he stammered:

"If I knew—or if I dared hope—that one of the ladies—no—I mean—that if the lady I wished for my partner—if she would be pleased—h'm—if she would dance with me—then—then I——"but there he stopped and after repeating "then I" a couple of times, remained silent.

"But you could ask," said she of the light green dress. Her bracelet had become undone and the catch was so stiff that

she had to bend over to press it in; this exertion made her very red.

"Would you, for example, dance with me?" Ole felt as though everything reeled around him.

"Yes, why not?" she replied, as she carefully fitted the toe of her foot into a crack in the floor.

"Next Friday there is to be company at the parsonage. Will you give me a dance then?"

"With pleasure; which one will you have?" she answered, trying to imitate in her reply the one of a fine lady.

"A *francaise*?" It's such a long dance, thought Ole. "I can give you the second *francaise* and a galop?"

"Yes, if you will; the first galop," she replied, hesitatingly.

"And a polka?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried anxiously; no more—that is enough."

Just then Hans came up in great haste. "Ah, how glad I am to find you at last, but—I did not dream of finding you in such company," and with his usual effusive manner drew her away to look for her cloak, after which they joined the others.

"A *francaise* and a galop, but no more—so, so—" repeated Ole, standing as if rooted to the spot. Finally he became conscious of the fact that he was entirely alone. Hastily seizing the first cap that came under his hand, he slipped out by the back door, stole through the garden and with great labor climbed over the fence, though he was near the gate, which stood half open. He struck into the first footpath he came to which crossed the meadow, and steered his course by the chimney of the parsonage, upon which he fastened his eyes. He had a slight sensation of being drenched to the knees as he walked through the high grass, but had not the least idea that the bailiff's old military cap, which he had grasped as he made his exit, had been shaken from one side of his head to the other until it had finally found a resting place with its broad visor over his right ear.

"A *francaise* and a galop, but no more—so, so—"

It was quite late when Hans reached the parsonage. He had accompanied the ladies of the doctor's family home and was reckoning up the events of the day. "She is a little shy, but, on the whole, I like that." As he hurried into the path

which led into the garden he said to himself: "She is confoundedly shy—almost more than I really like." As he reached the open space before the house he swore that he could not imagine anything more unbearable than a pert, whimsical girl.

The fact is, he was by no means satisfied with the result of his reckoning. Not that he doubted in the least being the favored one, but that was the very reason he found her shyness and reserve so irritating. Not once had she thrown him the ring; on the way home she had talked with all the others except him. But the next time he should manage differently—she should rue having treated him in this fashion.

He slipped quietly into the house, so that his uncle might not know how late he came home. In order to reach the room which he and his brother occupied together he had to cross a large garret. In this there was a window which was used as a door to reach a sort of platform formed by the roof over the steps below, which led into the garden. Hans noticed that this window was open and on the platform outside he saw a form, which by the moonlight, he recognized as his brother. Ole still had on his white ball gloves and while he grasped the railing with both hands, was gazing steadfastly at the moon. Hans could not understand why his brother should be there at that time of night, still less could he see why he should be wearing a flower pot upside down on his head. "He must be drunk," thought Hans, as he drew near him on tip-toe. He then heard Ole murmur something about a *francaise* and a *galop*, while he made the most incomprehensible movement with his hands. Hans thought he was trying to snap his fingers, when he heard him say slowly and distinctly in his dull, monotonous voice—the poor fellow could not sing—

"Hope is green—trommelommelom."

MUSIC IN A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

BY R. H. HOWLAND.

"That man. I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in his youth, that his body is the ready servant of his will and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready like the steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one, who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to feel, by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."

Measured by this standard of Professor Huxley, how many men, generally considered liberally educated, would not be found wanting? Yet there is nothing wrong in the standard, including as it does all kinds of education, physical, intellectual, moral and emotional. Circumstances must be favorable, indeed, to produce such an ideal, and, as circumstances are not made to order, the result in the case, even the well educated, is a more or less inequable development of the human powers. Still, education is making progress, and the well-educated man of the present is nearer the ideal than the well-developed man of fifty years ago. This is largely due to the extension of the curriculum of studies, with one of which, one of rapidly increasing importance, I propose to deal. I shall try to show that music may be extensively used in the production of a liberally educated man.

That man, I think, has been well educated in music who has been so trained in his youth that he is physically able to render efficiently the best music, both vocal and instrumental;

whose intellect is equal to the task of reading the mind of the master, as it is found unfolded in his compositions; whose mind is stored with the truths and laws of nature, as far as they are involved in the science and art of music; whose passions have yielded to the refining influence of his art, and have been brought into subjection by a strong will, the servant of his sense of what is due to that art; who has learned to love all that is beautiful in music, and to hate everything that tends to drag it down from the exalted position that it claims.

For the sake of comparison, I have modeled my definition on Professor Huxley's. Notice first the necessity for training in youth, a matter which none will dispute. The formation of proper habits is all-important and cannot be begun too early; physical, mental and emotional perfection in music depend on an early start. The child's musical education begins with the development of the organ of hearing, the sense of pitch and a feeling for the beautiful, as it is revealed in the soothing strains of the lullaby, that comes from his mother's heart. Unfortunately, many children do not go far beyond this stage, because they are not trained in music; but the introduction of music into our public schools has furnished, to some extent, a remedy for this neglect. That music is adapted to the ordinary child is proved by the fact that nearly all school children study it with great interest and pleasure. That there are some children without the first requisite for a musical education, the sense of pitch, is a lamentable fact; but such cases are few, and under present conditions the number is rapidly diminishing.

My assertion that a well-educated musician should be able to sing may meet with the objection, "But what if you have a poor voice?" It is my opinion that every voice should be trained to do what it is capable of; and voices that can not be made into fairly good musical instruments, provided the training is begun sufficiently early, are few and far between. It is unfortunate that methods of voice production are so uncertain and so much at variance with one another; still, much can be done, and the amount of time required is so small, that there can be little excuse on that score for not cultivating what should be one of the greatest physical attractions in

every human being. It is a duty not only to ourselves but to the race, for the usefulness of muscles improperly used or not used at all will degenerate, and physical imperfections are inherited. For instance we have inherited muscles that were used by our ancestors to move their ears; how many people of the present generation have the use of those muscles? Of course the loss in this case amounts to nothing, but the voice is a thing of value. Surely, when its value has been recognized in our public schools, our professional musicians should not lag behind in the good work.

Another plea for vocal culture is its grand effect on health and physique. Think of any great singer you ever saw, and I need not say another word on this matter. Hand in hand with health and physique goes perfect control of nerve and muscle, which is the aim of both the singer and the instrumentalist. In fact, the body of the well-trained musician will do with ease and pleasure nearly all the work that it is capable of, thus answering to one requirement of the well-educated man.

The intellectual requirements of a good musical training are greater than is generally supposed. The proper interpretation of a piece of music demands a knowledge of the history of music and of the life of the composer; for the circumstances under which any work is composed must inevitably affect the composition. Furthermore, the finished product cannot be perfectly understood by anyone who has not a good knowledge of the processes and laws of composition; hence the necessity for the study of sound and musical form. Only the master of these studies is in a position to analyze any composition and make a very accurate guess at the designs of the composer with regard to the rendition of every movement, every phase, every note; and any violation of the composer's intentions, whether through ignorance or by design, should not be tolerated. Unfortunately, however, it is universally not only tolerated but applauded, for musical people generally are not well enough educated to be competent critics, and too many performers, taking advantage of this, make very little study of the compositions they render, but use them to show off their technical ability, and to express their own feelings and ideas, rather than those of the

composer. Such performers are, of course, not true musicians.

The musician's intellect must be, then, a "clear, cold, logic engine," the parts of which, perception, memory, imagination and reason, have been developed by the study of the musical subjects mentioned above. It may be doubted whether these mental functions are equally developed by such study, for some subjects appeal more particularly to some functions than to others; still, the mind is a unit, and what appeals to one function must include the others. For instance, to follow a piece of music intelligently requires the perception of chords, motives, modulations, etc., and memory is involved in this; memory is further required to hold the various sections together, and the imagination is exercised in giving the music meaning; then, if we wish to be critical, we subject the composition to an examination, to see how it conforms to law, and this is a process of reasoning. Having thus the material for each kind of development, it is rather our own fault than that of the subjects, if we grow one-sided. Involving as it does the study of science, art, history and poetry, music is, in my opinion, fully equal, as a means of mental development, to any other subjects in college curricula; and I have no hesitation in saying that the man who has properly studied music is capable of doing good work in other departments of mental activity. Such a man may again challenge comparison with Professor Huxley's ideal.

The next part of the comparison seems, at first sight, to be greatly to the disadvantage of the musician. Music as an art differs from painting and sculpture in that it has no model in nature. It is true that the sound of running water and the singing of birds give us a feeling of pleasure, but such sounds are only the materials used by music; they do not involve intellectual activity on the part of the hearer, as music does. But, although music is a product of the human mind, we have to study its materials, and we find exemplified in the phenomena of sound many of the truths of nature and the laws of her operations. The necessity for physical development, also, leads to a knowledge of nature; for life itself, not to mention physique, depends on conformance to her laws. Moreover, the fact that nature is often the composer's source

of inspiration gives such knowledge considerable value in the interpretation of many musical compositions. Here again the man who would be liberally educated may have recourse to music.

That music has a powerful influence over the emotions, everyone who is at all susceptible to its charms will freely admit. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and it has also the power to arouse an audience to a degree of excitement almost unattainable by any other means. It is primarily the language of pure feeling, and, if I am right in my belief that it can inspire no ignoble feelings, it must be a force for good, the importance of which can hardly be overestimated.

One of the worst characteristics of the average man of the present day is his excessive materialistic tendencies, his ardent devotion to the business of life. His emotions are either suppressed or allowed to die for want of exercise, because they seem to him to have no practical value. He has little time for poetry or music, especially for that of the better class, and he has little use for the average musician. On the other hand the musician is almost proverbially sensitive; his emotions override his reason. His devotion to music tends to keep him ignorant of the world around him, and he cannot, therefore, escape the contempt of the man of business. In my opinion the musician has the best of it, and he could return the sneers with interest, if it were not for his more charitable disposition. However, it is not my object to defend narrowness of view, even on the part of the musician; I am merely advocating the use of music as a training for the emotions. Such a training will produce not only a better musician, but also a better man; and as a means of emotional development music is, in my opinion, superior to any other art.

The necessity for control of the feelings is too generally recognized to require much comment. In fact the majority of people err on the side of restraint, having disturbed the balance that should exist between feeling and will, to the advantage of the latter. On the other hand, the best musicians sometimes allow their emotions to run riot, even while rendering a piece of music before an audience. Such a display,

of course, generally secures the hearty approval of the ignorant, but it is to the cultured musician, and often to the player himself, a thing to be regretted. No true musician can fail to recognize it as his duty, to subordinate his own personality to the desires of the composer whose works he seeks to interpret for an audience. Here, then, is plainly seen the necessity for a strong will, for the obtrusion of self seems to be a failing very prevalent among musicians. The persistence and concentration of effort necessary for high attainments in the art affords plenty of scope for the exercise of will, and, of course, will power is developed only by exercise.

Another consideration enters in here, however. In music, as in everything else, the more we love the work, the less will power do we require to keep us at it. Some people love labor for its own sake, others endure it as a means of satisfying their desires. The strength of the desires regulates the effort of will, and their kind governs the quality of the work. For instance, the person who uses music as a means of personal aggrandizement may have sufficient ambition to make the work a comparatively easy task, but he will not love it, and the quality of it will correspond to the meanness of his motive. The proper motive is a love of the art and a consequent desire for its advancement.

It remains to explain the cause of love for music. The explanation lies in the fact that music is one form of the beautiful; and, according to Kant, the philosopher, "the beautiful is that which, through the harmony of its form with the faculty of human knowledge, awakens a disinterested, universal and necessary satisfaction." Now, as human knowledge varies in kind and degree, the perception of beauty will vary accordingly; some people will find more satisfaction in painting than in music, and vice versa; and some will find much pleasure in a work of art that others will not enjoy in the least. Many people do not enjoy some forms of beauty, because they are not "disinterested;" that is, they have preconceived notions which bias their judgment; the beauty really exists, but they fail to see it. This explains the meaning of "universal"; the satisfaction is the right of everyone who cares to seek it. Devotion to one form of beauty should not be allowed to prejudice us against other forms. In fact

the tendency is generally the other way, and the more our sense of the beautiful is cultivated by one art, the more readily will it respond to the appeals of other arts. It is the ideal element of every art, not the material, that appeals to us most strongly; hence the man who is well educated in music will have a strong inclination "to love all beauty; whether of nature or of art." The hatred of all vileness is a natural outcome of a love of all beauty; and I have no doubt that the man who is properly educated in music will "respect others as himself."

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC

I have often envied the writing of those who are not hampered by a minute knowledge of their subject. There is an ease and certainty about their work, like that of Tartarin ascending the Jungfrau, which can only come from a complete liberation from responsibility. In God they trust; or they think that "the company" will take care of them. Something of this sort I find in a remarkably well meant essay upon church music printed some time ago in the Methodist Review by Professor James Taft Hatfield, son of the famous Methodist preacher. With the general intention of Professor Hatfield's remarks I am in profound sympathy, but I do not agree with him in some of his facts. For instance, the following concerning the plain song:

"We turn, first of all, to the most ancient and characteristic Christian music, the plain song, or Gregorian choral, going back to the 'Ambrosian Chant' and the melodies of the church at Antioch. It has entered largely into the stately service of the Church of Rome, and a large and influential association in England, under the presidency of the Duke of Newcastle, is doing much to show its adaptation to the English Book of Common Prayer. Certainly nothing which has served a noble purpose from the days of classical antiquity is to be lightly thrown aside as worthless. This music has religious depth, it puts the singer in the fundamental mood of worship, and the melody is subordinate to the thought which it carries. One can but feel the pith and genuineness of these old melodies as compared with the complex, conscious phrases of the modern style. They should never die out entirely; the long-meter doxology shows that this type can maintain a long existence; but yet the ancient melodies are practically extinct; they are essentially foreign to our taste, they give little pleasure to the majority of hearers. Moreover, they demand greater purity of

tone than an average congregation can produce. The flexible American temperament demands more brightness, variety and vigorous movement."

I think every musician will agree with me that the plain song has little or no musical expression, properly considered. Upon what facts do I base this charge, it is asked? Upon the following: Every office of the plain song consists practically of a certain very limited melodic pattern repeated over and over to the successive stanzas of the canticle. There is no musical rhythm, no harmony, no attempt at correspondence between the melody and the changing sentiment of the verses. The expression of such a melody, therefore, is conventional entirely, and due not to anything in the melody as such, but to association, conventionalism and habit. Even when the organist harmonizes the plain song, as in accompanying the preface in the Mass, the expression is still very indefinite, although nearer than without such an aid. I do not deny that some of the melodies have a certain character, enough to distinguish one from the other. The "Magnificat," for instance (to the eighth tone), is not the same thing as the "Bonum Est" to the second tone.

Moreover, I am not with Professor Hatfield in his historical implications. The Duke of Newcastle is no doubt a very useful person, but the plain song has been the authoritative musical ritual of the English Church ever since the Reformation, just as it has been of the Roman Church ever since the time of Bishop Ambros. The English Church fell off in their allegiance. The Duke of Newcastle may, for aught I know, be one of those well-meaning Mrs. Partingtons who try to sweep back the waves of incoming worldiness with the broom of title and tradition.

Professor Hatfield seems to have missed one point where the average writer upon church music gets thrown down, namely, he makes no pretense of desiring a restoration of the music of Palestrina. This is one to his credit. Palestrina wrote music for the Sistine Chapel, music which for his time was singularly pure in style and had in it a great deal of real pathos. It is, however, fugal music almost entirely, to be sung without accompaniment, and it is written in the church modes, which are so far from modern ears that a choir has to be

trained from two to three years before being able to sing even the simplest of Palestrina's works with expression. When the choir has reached this point, the congregation, being still less ductile, needs three years more before discovering that this strange-sounding music has the real heart of the matter in it. We must not be deceived by the rhapsodies of Richard Wagner, who probably in all his life never heard ten pages of Palestrina music sung.

Note also the tone of this pleasing writer concerning the church tunes of Americans:

"Emphatically not to be ignored as an element in the solution of our problem is church music as historically developed in America, for America has had an important productivity in this field, in which, however, Methodism has shared only generally without having played any distinctive part. The work of our real American composers has found its way into the heart of the whole people, and has proved one of the most visible signs of the essential unity of our immense and varied population. Billings, Ingalls, Swan, Holden, Lowell Mason, Woodbury, Hastings, Bradbury and Root are distinctively American in their work. They have given us a body of hymns which has immeasurably refreshed and popularized our worship music. The American hymn has a sweeter melody, a more flowing movement, for which we ought to be grateful. It reflects the national temperament, the essential condition of a real music. Nor will I speak with unmixed censure of the much-reviled Gospel Hymns, light, cheap and frivolous as they often are. What Bliss and Sankey and Doane and O'Kane have done has not only made the conquest of the hearts of our people, but has gone out to conquer all lands; and that in the American Gospel hymn are deep spiritual possibilities no one need question who remembers with what power the simple words of 'I Need Thee Every Hour' speak in Mrs. Ward's American story, 'A Singular Life.'"

Every organist will thank Professor Hatfield for his remarks concerning the habitual church use of music to cover up other noises. He says:

"By the musical instrument we mean, practically, the church organ. The voluntary, as a rule, involves a complex theme whose intricate treatment, when heard for the first time, taxes

severely the attention of the best amateurs in the congregation, and is not followed or grasped at all by ninety-nine in one hundred. Is there any other degradation to which musical art is subjected like the usual treatment by the congregation of this most difficult task, the sounding of the very ground-note of the whole religious service? The Dresden court theater has done away with all music between the acts, and Liszt did the same thing when director at Weimar, because of the indignity done to music by the inattention of the public. Doubtless there is a duty of the public to listen, but how shall they follow sympathetically that which they cannot grasp? Variations of simple religious airs, in the spirit of Bach's preludes to the German chorals, or Lux's treatment of the "O Sanctissima," can be made full of the deepest religious feeling and will lay hold of many persons to whom the most brilliant works of the French school would be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. In leading the congregational singing the organist should refrain from the use of the mixed stops which compete with the vocal effects, and should fill in the harmonies with the rich diapason tones."

Professor Hatfield is so good a Christian Methodist that he finds it queer to conceive of church music too good for all the congregation to join in.

"As regards congregational singing, I am supported by some of the best qualified musicians in my firm belief that it ought to occupy a large part, perhaps the chief part, in church music. There are other views. A lady of musical taste in Baltimore told me that she did not think the congregation ought to join in the music at all; it simply killed the fine work of the choir. In the chapel of Magdalen College, Oxford, visitors are asked by a printed notice to join in the service silently. One is minded of the verger in Westminster Abbey who roughly disturbed a devout Catholic as he knelt to pray, and indignantly added, 'Hif this sort of thing goes hon, we shall soon 'ave people praying hall hover the habbey.' Heaven save us from too much propriety."

He then goes on to discuss various plans of successful management of choirs, finding in that of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a notable illustration. And he might have found a still better and larger one, also, in Brooklyn, Mr. E. M. Bowman's

Tabernacle choir. He recommends that the children be trained in music.

All these excellent suggestions, which when summed up amount to a restatement of the great American principle of always getting the best, fall before the inner feeling of every organist, and most choirmasters, that the one thing which the average congregation does not want is "good church music," using the term to mean simple, sincere music of noble feeling and religious dignity. What the church thinks it is is one thing; what it really is is another. The plain fact is that the average congregation is simply a friendly club, holding stated meetings weekly for the purpose of seeing each other, talking with some, and listening to a few safe ecclesiastical platitudes, carefully cut not to interfere with the dominational foreordination. Just as Plato says that the ancient Egyptians had patterns of melodies, poems and hymns hung up in the temples, from which new writers were not allowed to deviate, so the modern church hangs up its special tapestry, called a "creed." Thinking is permissible only within the limits thus defined. The members of this club, being all "saved" people, give no heed to the destiny of sinners. What they want is to be nicely talked to. If upon a fast day the preacher tells them a little plain truth, they take it in a Pickwickian sense, and eat just as good a dinner and sleep the sleep of the just. As for music, it is something which first of all must have melody. With this in plain hearing, and with a pace which is at least not absolutely and unmistakably that of the dance, they are as near church music as they care to come.

* * *

It is interesting to speculate upon the probable influence of the Aeolian principle applied to organs. The W. W. Kimball Company, which is now building first-class organs of large size as well as smaller instruments, has a self-playing attachment which can be added to any of its instruments at a small expense—two or three hundred dollars, according to the size of the instruments. By the aid of the rolls all the standard repertory of the organ becomes available to players of ordinary ability. All that it is necessary for them to do is to make the registration, control the tempo, and change the rolls. If the Kimball people fully succeed in their quest for

complete automatism, the roll will do both these things, so that the janitor of the church, aided by a water or electric motor, will be able to give a first-class organ recital complete in every respect.

It is an interesting question what influence this will have upon the future organist. Will it tend to displace the experienced professional by boy labor at the organ? Or will the richer trustees and the wealthy widows wake up to a healthy rivalry in organ study and reach a point where they are willing to pay liberally to the church funds for the privilege of "presiding at the organ," at so much a preside? Or will the development take a different tack and the minister control the music from the pulpit by touching an electric button, just as the clergyman in Boston Trinity Church is able to stir up an electric buzzer in the choir whenever the conversation between singers gets too lively during sermon time. (I know not whether the great Phillips Brooks was the author of this suggestive little piece of choir furniture.)

* * *

There is another question which deserves to be discussed; but it is time the bellows boy had a rest. The question is this:

What is destined to be the ultimate status of organ transcriptions of orchestral pieces? Are overtures, extracts from symphonies and sweet fragments of sensuous ballet music to retain a place in the repertory of the instrument? In other words, has the organ a call to be as musical as it can, or at least to pretend to be as musical as it can deceive anybody into thinking it? Or shall it restrict itself to the performance of organ music proper—well seasoned, kiln-dried, fine grain, quarter-sawed, shellacked to protect against the weather, and warranted "not to crack in any climate"? This is a question which experts may chew upon.

* * *

Does anybody really like organ music, and if so, why? This is one of the questions that I have often asked myself, and never with more interest than during the organ recitals given in University Hall by the distinguished American mas-

ter, Mr. Clarence Eddy. I freely admit that there are times when an organ sounds much less bad than it does at other times. For instance, in a church of the proper temperature, when the organ is a good one and has recently been tuned, and the congregation is waiting for a rather dry sermon; under these circumstances there is something in the pervading oow-oow-oow of the organ which is conducive to repose and suggests that very little change is anticipated in the immediate future. There are also many conventions where the organ assists with a propriety at least quasi-dramatic, as, for instance, when the bridal party is coming up the aisle, or when the organist in a sweet, distant echo is playing "Call Me Thine Own" while the minister is pronouncing the ceremony, or when the contribution box is being passed about; the jubilation of the organ at the close of the service is also something more than a finish, it is as the old theologian said of baptism, "an outward sign of an inward work."

A contributor to this magazine has well pointed out the curious and wholly unique effect of the old contrapuntal music when heard in a large European cathedral. This is one of those experiences in music which are often referred to in this easy way, but as a matter of fact the cathedrals of Europe are not particularly well furnished with organs. In the beautiful cathedral at Florence, if I remember aright, there is no organ at all; St. Peter's at Rome has a very small rusty organ; in St. Mark's at Venice there is a very poor organ; and even in the great Cologne cathedral the organ is by no means first-class. Still, a heartily voiced instrument with plenty of diapasons in one of those Gothic cathedrals produces a musical effect which is unique and unlike anything which can be heard under other circumstances. For a few moments one might almost imagine that one liked it. True, it says very little, but it says that over a good many times and at a great distance and in a semi-sanctified obscurity, and this is something.

In our American churches where the organ is near the congregation, and so lustily inspirited and screaming in its mixtures, what does anyone care for such ear-splitting ponderosities as the concert pieces of Thiele for instance, or the still worse one that was written for four hands and two perform-

ers? I do not say that these works are not masterly and unique, if three different works can be unique. They show a new style of organ writing, having been composed for full organ and to illustrate the bravoura of the player and the cumulative effect of much noise contrapuntally handled.

I do not even care particularly for a Bach fugue begun *pianissimo* with a solo stop, and one or two stops added at each repetition of the theme. I do not believe that Bach had any such idea in his mind. If the orchestra were playing a composition of that kind all the violins would play the theme, and the second violins the entrance of the alto, and so on through the work, and this succession of solo voices would find no place at all.

When one of the old Bach preludes and fugues is taken upon the full organ, and the organ is in something resembling good tune, a musical effect is produced which has in it a great deal of real inspiration. The ideas are weighty, full of dignity, and very musical, and the counterpoint of course is masterly to the extreme.

But what started me off on this train of thought was the curious composition of the programs of Mr. Eddy. For instance, in his first recital he brought forward eleven pieces. Of these one was the famous toccata in F of Bach, which is precisely one of those compositions calculated to sound gloriously in a large cathedral, the organ being at a great distance from the hearer. All the remaining pieces on this program were small and light with the exception of the concert overture in E flat by William Faulkes. I did not have the pleasure of hearing this work, but it is the production of a provincial English organist and probably shares the inspiring qualities characteristic of English music. The great majority of the other pieces were simple pieces, meaningless symmetries of melody, without force or significance, and the question arising in my mind was what effect could be expected from a succession of unimportant pieces which neither displayed the organ in its best light nor illustrated any particular power on the part of the organist. It seems to be the same thing as giving a piano recital opening with a sonata by Dussek, a variety of little movements by Pleyel, Gottschalk, Nevin, a

few moments of Sousa, a little of Leybach, and several new compositions dedicated to the pianist by various provincial teachers.

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In speaking of the late Frank H. King I omitted to mention that the first transcontinental trip of Theo. Thomas and his orchestra was made possible through the direction of this same modest manipulator. Here was the situation: Thomas had a fine orchestra and naturally wanted to go across the continent. There was California wanting to hear this famous band. Here was King with a pianist, then his wife, whom he sincerely believed to be the best player on the whole this country had then known. He was not able to make advantageous arrangements with the Steinway house, which was popularly supposed to control Thomas. Yet he was determined that Mrs. King should play with Thomas, not once but a whole tour, and should play his piano, which just then was the Decker, King being the traveling representative of that house.

So it happened that Charles E. Locke, of American opera fame later on, came from California to try and engage Thomas for a few concerts in California. He came at once to King to get pointers, for it had been no secret for years that this man had pointers of great value. King showed Locke that the expense was too great and the risk too great. He should take a year to do it, and sell out concerts for the entire trip—absolutely sell along the route. So Locke went back and made his engagements. Soon he had a complete trip, lasting some months, every available night sold out under guarantee. He then came again to King. King told him to go and see Thomas. So he called upon Thomas, who immediately thanked him for his interest, but said it would be impossible to start out upon so expensive a trip without a deposit of \$50,000 in bank as a guarantee. Locke, who hadn't a cent, came back to King in the dumps. "Go to Steinway," said King; "they back Thomas." So to Steinway Locke went; but the Steinways declined to back the risky undertaking to any such amount, believing that Thomas would not permit any other piano to be played, and that no other maker would put up the money. Back to King Locke came. Then King

went to his house, and the Deckers immediately, upon his representations, made the requisite deposit. So back to Thomas went Locke, informing him that the deposit had been made. Incidentally it was remarked that the Steinways had declined to take an interest, and that therefore the pianist would be Mme. Rive-King and the piano the Decker. When the Steinways discovered the situation they attempted to remonstrate with Thomas, but he said: "Gentlemen, you had the first chance, but you said you did not care for it." And so it happened first and last that Mme. King played with Thomas some hundreds of times. Part of these concerts were upon the Steinway, which she used for several seasons. And the Deckers got their money back later on, as it was not needed.

I do not think there was another man in the piano business, saving possibly W. W. Kimball or Geo. P. Bent, who could have planned and carried through such a reversal of the established relations, and without having appeared at all personally. This was an example of the way in which King accomplished his points.

Owing to his great love for Mrs. King, and his relations to a great piano house, Mr. King also placed music lovers under lasting obligations by the tours he planned and carried out for her. She played first-class programs in hundreds of small cities, where up to that time, no good pianist had ever been heard.

The shrewdness of Mr. King was brilliant in his relations to newspaper men. At the beginning he managed the first appearances of Mrs. Julia Rive with the New York Philharmonic, and the Harvard symphony concerts. In both cities she was recognized as a very strong pianist. But in the west it was not until Mr. Upton wrote so enthusiastically about her second Rhapsody of Liszt, at an Apollo concert in 1874, that it began to be the fashion to speak of her in first-class terms. King had no end of trouble to get proper notices written. The critics would not come to the concerts but wished to content themselves with: "Miss Julia Rive played a recital last night in her usual brilliant manner"—the form of notice which makes even so cool a person as Emil Liebling experience a rise of temperature amounting to several degrees. To obviate

this difficulty, King made the acquaintance of every managing editor and business manager all over the country.

* * *

I had the opportunity of a few minutes conversation with Mr. Rafael Joseffy, in New York; that great pianist who is heard so seldom. Joseffy raised the standard in America, and gave an impulse towards purity of style, grace, lightness and beauty of playing which has been of incalculable advantage to the piano-playing United States. He says he may get as far west as Chicago this season, perhaps under the direction of that enterprising manager, Mr. F. Wight Neumann. I hope he will come. He is a genial man, modest, quiet, efficient. Even his mercantile instincts are at a low ebb. He stopped a lesson to speak with me, stopped it against my earnest objections. "I never look at my watch," he said; "I go on until the lesson is finished, no matter what the hour. So I have a right to a moment if I choose." He was teaching an "artist class," and while waiting outside I heard some splendid playing.

* * *

Dr. William Mason played for me his "Improvisation," that very brilliant piano piece which he published last year, a piece written when the composer was seventy-one. He played it also with fingers of the vintage of 1829; but good fingers still. The Improvisation is a remarkably well-made piano piece, as suitable to the instrument as any of Liszt or Schumann. A splendid piece for study and for playing upon a good piano.

* * *

His gifted assistant, Miss Martha Walther, I did not hear, my time in New York being too short. Dr. Mason tells me that she is now playing most beautifully and that she will soon appear before the public. Miss Walther is the younger of two sisters who came to Mason for advice, some ten years ago, and to whom he has given lessons most of the time since—the older ceasing at her marriage to a prominent artist in New York. Miss Martha Walther was about twelve when she came to Dr. Mason, and he has developed her talent from the foundation. She had harmony with Dudley Buck for several years. When I heard her, a year ago or more, she had a beautiful hand and a very musical and accomplished style of playing. I count

upon her as one of the most gifted young pianists I have heard. She was a year with Moszkowsky, and it was of some use; but I still hold to my former opinion that better use of the year might have been made in New York, excepting solely for giving the girl a certain self-dependence due to living a year among comparative strangers. Miss Walther assists Dr. Mason and he tells me that she is very fortunate in this calling—which I can well believe.

* * *

Dr. Mason took me to task for the Remenyi story about Brahms. He thinks it extremely unlikely that the incident related by Remenyi ever took place. At least he does not recall a time when it could have. He is quite certain that upon the first visit to Liszt, Brahms and Remenyi came to Weimar in the morning of a hot June day, after an all night ride in the train. Early in the afternoon they appeared at Liszt's studio, as related in his memories. They went away that night. Of course, in a case of this sort I cannot decide, but considering the Hungarian fondness Liszt had for Remenyi, whose childlike improvidence at that time and his talent appealed to him, an incident such as Remenyi told me would not be unlikely. Liszt was a Hungarian first of all; an artist second, a lover third, and later a master.

* * *

Dr. Mason does not remember that the Brahms trio was ever played at Weimar; I still have the impression that he told me years ago that it was, and that he himself played the piano part in it. He does not now recall this. He does, however, agree that for Brahms music Liszt felt very little attraction at first; and later, when the famous letter of Schumann had caused the opponents of Wagner to rally around this promising "Messiah" of music, this coolness became still more pronounced. And this in spite of Joachim's partiality for Brahms, a partiality which he retained all his life. It will be remembered that after one or two short concert tours of Remenyi and Brahms together, Brahms met Joachim, who sent him to Schumann, with the result shown in the famous letter. Thereupon Brahms broke off with Remenyi, under circumstances never fully explained, but evidently leaving in the mind of the generous and impulsive Remenyi a sense of slight and injury. This was the story which Remenyi often promised to write in full for these

pages. He claimed that it would make at least sixty printed pages, and that it was nearly done; but since his death no scrap has been found. Remenyi claimed to have given Brahms the melodies in his Hungarian Dances, and very likely he did.

* * *

Speaking of Brahms, Dr. Mason still fails to find in the German Requiem those impressions of beauty which its lovers find in it and underlying its magnificent structural masterpieces. Nor does he find the æsthetic element in the piano pieces or symphonies. Despite Brahms having developed new technical demands upon the pianoforte, he having been a pioneer in this later development of the left hand, he thinks him of little account where the piano is concerned and that his works as a whole will go down to posterity mainly by reason of the structural mastery which they display. I do not agree with this verdict. I believe that Brahms' music is full of beauty and poetry and deep sentiment.

* * *

Speaking of symphony concerts, Mr. Thomas has promised a Beethoven cycle this winter, or rather a partial cycle. The following are the selections and dates for these concerts:

Nov. 24:

Heroic Symphony.

Fourth Concerto for Piano (Mr. Dohnanyi).

Overture to Leonore. No. 2.

Overture to Leonore. No. 3.

Dec. 15:

Symphony No. 4.

Concerto for Violin (Mr. Kreisler).

Overture, Coriolanus.

Symphony, No. 5.

* * *

A person actively concerned in the Chicago orchestra tells me that society ladies are making great progress towards entering into the work of these concerts with interest and intelligence. Classes are held under various teachers, devoted to discussing the programs of the coming concerts, from æsthetic and practical stand-points. This stimulus has been of great use to many individuals, and its influence is now being felt far be-

yond the apparent limits of the class, in a more lively interest in this class of music as a form of art having in it, as I have so often said, the seeds of life and immortality. Music is the one form of art which is still living and true to its ideals; more, it is the form of art which is most true to the ideals of spiritual expression, the great conception which underlies all our noble art of today, and which, unconsciously in some cases, formed the inner light of the great musical art of the latter part of the eighteenth century and all of the nineteenth.

* * *

It appears to me that the interest of this class of sincere hearers might be aided by a better handling of the annotations in the programs. The writer of those notes, Mr. Hubbard William Harris, succeeds very well in turning out explanations of most of the novelties presented. He generally avoids the pedantic technical analyses which to my mind are an objectionable feature in the Boston programs, as Mr. Apthorp makes them. What hearers want to know in listening to a long work the first time, are the main subjects (in musical notes, in order to assist the memory upon return of the main themes) the ideal of the piece, its story-telling intention, if any, and some general information concerning the author and his place of art. The latter element needs to be touched with care, since the mere performance of a work in concerts of such a character is equivalent to saying that in the judgment of the director it was worth playing. And even when a work may not be of the highest character, it is a false play to note this in the program; this is criticism, which has its place after the concert. What the program has to do is to give the standpoint of the work and enough information to assist intelligent and appreciative hearing, for if a work has no points to appreciate, why play it?

The Boston programs are very uncomely in their external dress, the literary matter falling upon divided pages, advertising coming in anywhere the customer is willing to pay for—like the pig in the parlor of the proverbial Irish cottager. No musical illustrations are used. This is a great omission, which also prevailed in Chicago until the present writer insisted upon a different policy and promised to pay for them if the society could not afford to do so. They have been of such obvious value that all later annotators have retained them.

The Boston programs afford an illustration of the disposition of prominent writers to write for the eye of each other. A few leading writers get very friendly and make a sort of a syndicate. Thus it is that Apthorp, Elson, Wolf, Hale, and so on in Boston, have a way of pouring out information especially of a recondite kind, mainly to make an impression upon the other fellows. I cannot otherwise account, for instance, for Mr. Apthorp's notice of the Mozart overture to the "Magic Flute," in the Boston program book of Nov. 2 and 3, 1900. The annotations extend to about five hundred words, of which about three hundred belong to the opera as a whole, statistics as to its first performance, its changes, etc. Concerning the overture itself, as a piece of music, there are about two hundred words. The statistics concerning the first performances of the opera (more than a century ago) appear to me like the "flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la," which have nothing to do with the case.

On the other hand, Mr. Apthorp comes out strong where the Chicago annotator would probably have said nothing, namely, in his notes upon Mr. Dohnanyi's concerto, which was played then for the first time in Boston. Granted the impecuniosity of Boston in the matter of musical notation, Mr. Apthorp does about as well as one can in indicating the character and details of the work.

Another point where I praise the Boston program is in its handling of the Schumann symphony in C, a work played many times before during the twenty years of the Boston concerts. The Chicago annotator would have been instructed to ignore it, on the ground that, having been played before, the reader could refer to former annotations—a manifest absurdity in view of the fact that such former annotations might have been published in an ephemeral program one, two, or even four years earlier. The true view is this of the Boston usage, which is that we are not to expect the hearer to come provided with a file of back programs of former years. He has paid well for his privilege; let us assist him with what little information we happen to have.

Mr. Apthorp has another custom which I rather like, and in the year when I had the onerous duty of preparing these annotations I generally conformed to it; that namely of what he

calls an "Entr'act," in other words, a short essay, generally in light vein, upon whatever topic happens to seem timely. In these parts of his work one may find some of his most attractive writing, which serves to promulgate an idea and also to pass away the vacant minutes before the concert begins or during the intermission. In fact, while I could wish the Boston program a little less technical, and the typographical appearance more first-class and like a literary magazine, in other respects it still holds over our own program many strong points of superiority.

I do not know how far the Boston annotator is subject to the demand of the manager for "matter to face advertising." During my year at the Chicago annotations I was often drawn upon for additional matter when the advertising happened to be liberal; and as often obliged to cut out useful and good matter when the advertising happened to be less than usual. But this was when fair woman ruled, in the person of the dear departed Miss Anna Millar—the same who so liberally patronized the "Courier" for praise of the work of Mr. Thomas.

The position of the managers of the Chicago orchestra, with reference to the proper place and plan of program annotations is short sighted and ill-advised. Of course there is no great expense in making these annotations full enough to afford some information concerning every number upon the program. In fact, Miss Millar told me (though this may have been one of her "ben trovato" facts) that she had offered to the Chicago symphony society to furnish the program books at her own expense and take the profits from the enterprise in place of salary—something she could well afford to do, the profits running to about \$3,500 a year.

* * *

There are two other points in which the Chicago concerts could learn a good lesson from Boston. The Boston evening concerts begin at eight precisely; there is an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony and the concert closes about three minutes before ten. This is something like, and a very different thing to beginning at twenty minutes past eight, having a twenty minute intermission and closing, as Mr. Thomas generally does, at about eleven. The late hours are absurd, useless, and a great disadvantage to the concerts. They ac-

commodate only a few who try to be ultra fashionable, and therefore come late and gossip.

Mr. Thomas' programs are often by far too long. Sometimes he piles in numbers with a curious disregard for the time they take in playing. This is all the more remarkable on his part since he formerly gave such close attention to this part of the work. I admit that he is able by his long programs to play a longer list of works in a year; but to what good when the listeners are so fatigued? The Chicago concerts, four times out of five, are tiresome to a degree. This is the real reason why the subscription lists remain so incomplete and so far below what the expenses demand. The remedy lies in making shorter and better contrasted programs and in playing them with, if possible, a little more spirit.

* * *

Speaking of "musical atmosphere," in which Europe is popularly supposed to greatly surpass America, I note with pleasure an important improvement in connection with the so-called "Fine Arts Building" of Chicago. The building, as out of town readers may not know, is the conspicuous Studebaker building, on Michigan avenue, just north of the Auditorium hotel. Under the inspiration of Mr. Charles C. Curtiss, this building was remodeled a few years ago into a magnificent studio building, with two exceedingly attractive halls—the Studebaker theater and university hall. The Chicago Musical College occupies an adjacent building, part of the same property, so that around this one spot clusters the teaching of a hundred or more prominent teachers and at least three or four thousand music students.

University hall is an exceedingly pleasant room for chamber concerts, lectures and recitals not requiring more than six or seven hundred sittings. With a view of utilizing such an opportunity, and in the expectation of still further adding to the attractiveness of the location, Mr. Curtiss is understood to have made very liberal arrangements with several prominent artists for morning lectures and recitals, open to all students at a moderate fee.

Mr. Max Heinrich opened the course, Nov. 15, with a very interesting and entertaining lecture called "A Lesson in Singing." He told some of the mistakes students make in their studies, and towards the end gave a very weighty discourse

(which is earnestly desired for these columns later) upon the importance of the text in learning a song and the manner in which he trains students to understand a song and prepare for its interpretation. The discourse was admirable, and one of the most interesting possible.

A second exercise in the course was given Nov. 17, by Mr. Theodore Spiering, a violin recital, the accompaniments played by Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck. Mr. Spiering gave no lecture, but simply played the following rare program:

Bach, First Sonata for violin alone.

Joachim, Hungarian Concerto (1st movement).

Nardini, Larghetto.

Wieniawsky, First Polonaise in D major.

I do not remember to have heard the whole of any one of the Bach six sonatas for violin solo played in public during my thirty years and more in Chicago. Remenyi played them to me in private, more than once; the famous Chaconne in D minor, the Preamble and the Fugue in G minor have been played in the symphony concerts by Henri Marteau, and others. The opportunity, therefore, was a very rare one for the intelligent student and it is pleasant to note how satisfactory was the playing, both from a technical point of view and from that of nobility of conception and grace of phrasing. The second recital will bring the Corelli "Folies d'Espagne," one of the most famous of the works of that first great master of the violin; the next will have Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata and Spohr's equally famous "Gesangscene" or eighth concerto.

In this connection it is proper to add another little leaf to the crown of bay which Mr. Spiering well deserves. His string quartet, which is one of the very best in this country, is meeting with fine success this season, which is as it should be. It surely indicates no small nerve to engage his three other players, take them out of the Chicago orchestra and become personally responsible to them for a salary at least equal to what they had in the orchestra. This is working in "the cause of art" to some purpose, and for a long time it was an up-hill struggle for Mr. Spiering; but now, at last, the hill seems to have been surmounted, the fame of this active and noble-minded artist is steadily increasing and his vogue as a teacher. So it seems



EXTERIOR OF THE NEW SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON.

that truth is not yet dead, and that the old saying that "virtue is its own reward" is not yet outlawed.

* * *

They have just opened a new Symphony Hall in Boston. Upon another leaf are pictures of it, outside and in. Outside it is classically severe; inside it is also severe but rich. The lines seem to me practically those of the old hall. It is of substantially the same size, the galleries follow the same lines, the length and height are about the same. The panelling and decorations are richer and the lighting, by incandescent lamps grouped artistically, is soft and pleasing.

The principal novelty is the treatment of the stage. It is a little narrower than the hall, about as deep as the old one (thirty-five feet or so), but the framing is different. On both sides and across the top of the stage runs a wide gilded band, ornamented in patterns, like a great picture frame, somewhere about four feet wide. This gives the effect of framing the stage picture, and the result is by no means unpleasing. Unlike the old hall the floor of this one is not level, but sloped a little, about two inches to each row of seats. This is a great improvement over a level floor. Around all sides of the hall are spacious lobbies, opening into the hall by frequent doors, an idea illustrated in the old hall and in the Boston theater, the latter dating from about 1852. While this cuts off any possibility of standing spectators, it also improves the acoustic and promotes quiet. I know not what arrangements are made for ventilating. I trust there are some.

The location of the new hall is far away from the old one—away out on Massachusetts and Huntington Avenues, a mile or more from the lower end of the common. This is something Boston has got to get used to. Personally I do not see that anything has been gained in this new hall which might not have been done by repairing the old one—which is more central now than ever, since the subway brings everything so close. The old hall was just as quiet, I think just as large, and by putting the modern seats and perhaps raising the floor a little, just as convenient in every way. I notice they are running vaudeville in it now—continuance performance. Perhaps it was the painfully intermittent character of symphony which made the owners anxious to get the concerts out into some new place.



INTERIOR OF BOSTON SYMPHONY HALL.

These, however, are matters for Bostonians to think of, if necessary.

* * *

I have heard the Boston orchestra again. It is a wonderful orchestra. Whether it is due to the hall, as Mr. Thomas thinks, or to the personnel of the orchestra, as I think, or perhaps to both elements acting together, there is no other orchestra with a tone like this. It is pure, musical, elastic, spirited, expressive, delightful. While the beat of Gericke is rigid in its positiveness, I notice that every minute bit of melody, every shading, every nuance is obtained for making the music sound at its best. The program upon the evening when I heard it was this:

Overture to "The Magic Flute.".....Mozart.

Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra (first time)Dohnanyi.

Scherzo in A major, op. 45 (first time)..Goldmark.

Symphony in C major, op. 61.....Schumann.

And what shall I say more of the playing? The Mozart overture went delightfully, the jolly fugue, the strong chords, etc. The same standard was kept up in the Goldmark Scherzo, a taking movement, not deep, almost like Mendelssohn, if a little richer in color.

The Schumann symphony was played beautifully in all its parts. And then came the young pianist, Mr. Dohnanyi. He is a Hungarian, I hear, a young fellow, twenty-one, or so, just married. The young man owes his celebrity to two circumstances: First of all he gained the prize in Vienna for the first movement of this concerto, it having been found the best of forty or more sent in for the prize; second, he matured his interpretations under Leschetitzky. This ensures a certain sanity in playing and fair ideas of the proper effects of music. He is a very spirited player with a good deal of technique, animation, musical feeling, etc. In short, a remarkable young pianist. Fortunately not yet mature; he is boyish as he ought to be.

As for his concerto, it is brilliant, a little after the Rubinstein concerto in D minor in spirit, remarkably well instrumented, if with a little too lavish hand, and not without some good ideas. As a whole it is disappointing and so wanting in



A CORRIDOR IN SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON.

proper variety as to give a very imperfect idea of what the player might do in interpreting the music of the great masters for piano, such as Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Liszt, and the like. There is no law against any young fellow writing a concerto and getting a prize for it, if he can. But when he is to appear before strange audiences and desires to illustrate his talents at their best, it would be better to play better music. The nerve of the youngster and the massive tone of the concerto naturally gained him plenty of friends in the audience. He was recalled again and again. I watched the passage work of the concerto with interest, for one naturally desires to see whether these gifted youngsters have discovered novel tonal resources in this much abused instrument. The passages are generally interlocking, after the manner of Schytte, Moszkowsky, etc., and are uniform in character. I would like to hear him in a recital.

* * *

Speaking of Dohnanyi, I also had the pleasure of meeting another of these astonishing young virtuosi, in the person of Mr. Ossip Gabrilovitch (he tells me the "o" is accented, and not the "bril," as I had heard it before). Gabrilovitch was noticed in these pages as long ago as August, 1897, apropos to his playing in Berlin; and about two years ago Mr. Eugene Simpson told a story about Gabrilovitch's appearance in Leipsic. It seems that D'Albert had been engaged, but he insisted upon playing his own concerto in place of one of Beethoven, which Nikisch desired; whereupon Nikisch cancelled the engagement and took Gabrilovitch, who, despite the odds of D'Albert's popularity everywhere in Germany, made a colossal sensation in the Tschaikowsky concerto in B flat minor.

Mr. Gabrilovitch is a good scholar, they say a splendid player, and he speaks English extremely well, although he has had very little opportunity to practice it. This faculty which some Europeans have of acquiring facility in several languages at an early age amazes me. This young man speaks his native Russian, German, French, Italian and English—all, they say, elegantly and correctly, the English with very little accent. In person he is of good height, almost tall, slender, gentle but spirited in manner, and with a fine presence. He converses



MR. OSSIP GABRILOVITCH.

with animation and intelligence. I shall look forward to hearing him play with great interest. I suppose he is now about twenty-three years of age.

NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

MISS JESSICA DE WOLF.

Miss De Wolf is the charming soprano who is so highly esteemed in Minneapolis and everywhere else her splendid voice



MISS JESSICA DE WOLF.

and brilliant interpretations have been heard. Her specialty is concert and festival work.

MR. ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT.

The name of Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt is well known to the musical public, from its almost constant appearance upon



MR. ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT.

the music of American composers. Mr. Schmidt came to Boston from Germany, as salesman in one of the better music

stores, where quality in music was more highly esteemed than quantity. After several years in a subordinate position, Mr. Schmidt acquired the business, or set up a new one of his own (the writer is not quite sure which). Almost immediately he began the policy, which he has pursued ever since, of taking up compositions by the best American composers and publishing them with the same elaboration and attention to detail which characterizes the work of the foremost German houses in the work of their own masters. In this way he has been of the greatest possible use to American composers and to the musical public as well. This policy has turned out so well, from a financial point of view, that it is now being followed to some extent by other houses; but by none from the same high standard of art as by the modest Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt. In explanation of his taking this course with the serious works of American writers, which at that time were considered unsalable, Mr. Schmidt simply says that America having done very well by him he feels that he owes the country something in return. It is a principle of sociology which might even be commended to the song-birds and artists who come over here for American dollars.

MR. MAURICE ARONSON.

Among the younger pianists and teachers of Chicago, perhaps scarcely any take their art more seriously, or are better qualified to do so, than Mr. Maurice Aronson. For several years Mr. Aronson taught in the late lamented Chicago Conservatory, in close association with Mr. Leopold Godowsky, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. In token of this Mr. Godowsky sent Mr. Aronson a most flattering testimonial upon the very eve of sailing for Europe. In this generous appreciation the great artist compliments Mr. Aronson upon his "sound manner of playing," "thorough work in teaching," and recommends his own pupils to come to Aronson for lessons during his own absence abroad. Praise beyond this is not necessary.

At Freeport, Illinois, Mr. Aronson has a large and serious class, and in connection with his work there he is giving a series of eight Historical Evenings, the subjects being: Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wag-

ner, Rubinstein—in other words, the Art-history of the current century.

As one incident of his Beethoven evening Mr. Aronson has decided to use the entire list of selections in the chapter upon



MR. MAURICE ARONSON.

the "Moods of Beethoven," in the volume just published for the use of the Music Extension Clubs. He says he began by thinking of using a part of the pieces in that list, but the more he thought the more he saw that it was necessary to use the whole, since only thus could the emotional range of this great master be indicated, even in outline.

Later in the season Mr. Aronson contemplates giving a similar series in connection with his Chicago class.

In the Freeport recitals several papers upon assigned subjects are read by members of the class, in addition to Mr. Aronson's own treatment of the more important subjects, beyond the grasp of young students.

MME. AMELIA CAIEN.

On the evening of November 20, in university hall, a young singer made her debut before a large, fashionable and highly appreciative audience. The artist was Mme. Amelia Caien, sister of the Countess Roswadowski, wife of Count Roswadowski, the musical and popular Italian consul. The countess herself is very musical, as are all her family, and their house is a pleasant meeting ground for artists of all nationalities. Mme. Caien, who has been studying with that admirable exponent of "bel canto," Mme. Varesi, has a very pleasant soprano voice, beautifully pure intonation, and that charming grace in the elusive mysteries of French singing, which belongs of right to those only who have lived long in countries where such is the common manner of speech. Her program consisted of the following: Massenet's "Ouvre tes yeux bleus," an aria from Puccini's "La Boheme;" Burgmein's "Il Mulattiere," "Florian Song," by Godard; "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel," by Schubert, and an aria from Gomez' "La Fosca." In all these she manifested very pleasing qualities, least of all in the last. Perhaps her best work in the Massenet song and in the one by Schubert. She sang in French, German and Italian.

She was assisted by Mr. Vernon D'Arnalle, a baritone of the musical college, having a fine natural voice, but in style of interpretation too sentimental and with a portamento very much overdone. It was a pity, for the young gentleman has good qualities and he showed sense in his selections, which were from Tschaikowsky, Henschel, Franz Wagner and other great writers. He made a brilliant popular success.

Mme. Caien bids fair to achieve a leading position as an exponent of the French chanson and of the lighter and more delicate class of songs, suitable for the drawing room. Her

upper voice is brilliant and telling, but perhaps not quite so sweet as her medium range. As she happens to have a charm-



MME. AMELIA CAIEN.

ing presence, youth, great ambition, and ability to work, the future ought to have something nice in store for her.

MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND.

Among the important additions to the artistic resources of



MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND.

the middle west, few are more to be praised than the subject of this sketch, Mr. William A. Howland, who has been engaged by

Professor A. A. Stanley to take charge of the vocal department in the school of music at Ann Arbor. His pedigree is given as follows: Mr. Howland was born in Worcester, Mass. He is a descendant of John Howland, of the "Mayflower" company. He began the study of music at a very early age in his native city. In 1889 he went to New York, where he studied for five years under the best masters, including Albert Ross Parsons (Piano), Dudley Buck (Harmony and Composition), Damrosch (Conducting), and Bristol (Voice). In 1896 he studied in London with Frederick Walker and Alberto Randegger. Mr. Howland was leading baritone for two years with the "Bostonians," for four years filled two of the most important church positions in New York, and for the last five years has been director and soloist of the Piedmont church, Worcester, one of the most desirable positions in New England. Mr. Howland has sung at the Worcester Festival and at most of the important festivals throughout the country, always with distinguished success. His training has given him a breadth rarely found in his particular branch of the profession. His songs have been published by Breitkopf and Haertel, and display refinement and scholarship. His success as a teacher has been very marked, and many of his pupils have won distinction.

Concerning his vocal teacher, Mr. Frederick E. Bristol, of New York, Mr. Howland speaks with warmth and admiration. He says:

"It is to my most respected teacher, friend and adviser, Mr. Frederick E. Bristol, of New York City, that I owe what success I have attained and to what I hope to develop. I studied steadily for three years under his careful and conscientious guidance, and during the following five years was associated with him in teaching, and hope for many years to continue under his wise counselings."

At the late banquet of the Mayflower descendents in Chicago, Mr. Howland sang as setting an original setting of Mrs. Hemans' well-known poem: "The Breaking Waves dashed high"—a very effective song he made of it, and it was received with much applause.

Mr. Howland's voice is a basso cantante, adequate to baritone roles which are not too high, a very expressive organ, full in volume and resonant, and in all respects he is a manly singer. Par-

particularly to be admired is his delivery of the text, which is both sung and declaimed in that manner which belongs to the true art of the singer, but which is so rarely heard, especially from our American women singers. The men are generally better than the women in this point. It is in every way to a subject of congratulation that an important school of music, like the university school in Ann Arbor, should have at the head of its vocal department an artist of this caliber, so good a musician and a man of so high a character and distinction.

THINGS HERE AND THERE

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

BY AMY FAY.

The season in New York has opened with a rush and there are so many things to hear and see that one is puzzled what to choose or whither to turn one's steps. Like the Athenians of old, we are always running after "some new thing," and if St. Paul were living here he would have the same reason to chide us as that furnished him by the gadding of the Athenians in his time. They were the most cultivated people on earth, however, so it must be a good thing to keep one's ears and eyes open to what is going on. St. Paul himself shows a tendency that way when he prides himself on having "sat at the feet of Gamaliel." We don't know anything about Gamaliel, but if a St. Paul "sat at his feet," this one circumstance shows that Gamaliel must have been "worth while," and that St. Paul was not wasting his time.

The first concert this year was given by our own little Leonora Jackson, violinist, formerly of Chicago, assisted by Madame Schumann-Heink, or rather it was a joint recital by these two, at Carnegie Hall. It was a long jump from Leonora Jackson's first public appearance, as a child of ten, or thereabouts, in the Kimball Piano Hall in Chicago, to a concert of her own, as a full-fledged artist, in Carnegie Hall, New York; yet she was as equal to the one as to the other. I can remember her first appearance as a little girl perfectly, and how steadily and well she played the little pieces she was then studying with Carl Becker. Her mother told me then that "Leonora loved her violin and enjoyed practicing," and I thought it was the best omen for her future. Many people have great talent and learn to play beautifully, but only those who play from love for music reach the topmost heights.

Leonora Jackson is now a most remarkable artist, and she has all the touches which are the result of long training under the greatest masters. I must say I listened to her with the keenest pleasure. Her technical perfection and purity of intonation are great, and her feeling accentuation, phrasing and *nuances* are simply exquisite. It is charming to watch her play, as her youthful figure is slight and graceful and her pose is modest and girlish. She conquers Herculean difficulties with hardly a turn of an eyelash, and shows such ease of execution that people are tempted to think her cold. This is not so; she has plenty of heart, but also wonderful finish.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

That the West has turned out two such artists as Maud Powell and Leonora Jackson is certainly cause for congratulation. Maud Powell was from Aurora, Ill., and began her studies also in Chicago, under Mr. Wm. Lewis. Her European tour during the last four years has been one succession of triumphs, and she has made a sensation wherever she has appeared. Times are changed since 1885, when that other gifted violinist, Arma Senkrah, of Brooklyn, L. I., was obliged to allow herself to be given out as coming from India! The celebrated manager in Berlin, Wolff, simply would not hear of her appearing as "Mary Harkness, from America," but made her spell her name backwards, and announce herself as "Arma Senkrah, from India."

People can say boldly that they come from America, now, especially since the wars with Spaniards and the Chinese. We have gained some battles in the world of art also. As for Arma Senkrah, it was a pity she did not remain in her own country, and then she would not have shot herself through the heart from jealousy and despair over the faithlessness of her good-for-nothing German husband in Weimar, on Sept. 4. She was a beautiful and fascinating young woman, and an artist of the first rank. There was a very interesting account of her, with portrait of her and Liszt, in the *Musical Courier*, Oct. 17, by Arthur Abell. I met her and her mother frequently in Weimar during the summer of 1885, at the time this photograph was taken, when Arma was twenty, and heard her play with Liszt, who was constantly sending for her to come and play with him. One time I had the honor of playing with Arma Senkrah myself, in Liszt's parlors, a composition by Jerome Hopkins. The piece was a transcription of his own song, "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," for violin and piano. Never shall I forget how beautifully she played it and how exquisite it sounded!

Arma Senkrah fascinated everybody, the great musicians as well as the rest. Her poor bereaved mother, who is living in New York, gave the most extraordinary account of her career the other day, and the success she had was phenomenal. Said Mrs. Senkrah: "Baby always played like a man, she drew such a bow! Once she was playing for Brahms, and she ripped out the music with such tremendous fire and dash that the master called out, 'Save the pieces, little one!' in German."

Arma Senkrah made her debut in Paris when she was sixteen. A young singer, aged eighteen, assisted her, and the next day one of the critics called the singer "Lilies and Roses," and the violinist "Peaches and Cream." He said he found it hard to choose between "Lilies and Roses" and "Peaches and Cream," but, on the whole, he thought that "Peaches and Cream" went to the spot better than "Lilies and Roses."

Mrs. Senkrah said Arma objected, and she exclaimed, "I don't want to be 'Peaches and Cream,' mamma, and be all eaten up!"

From this first Parisian success Arma Senkrah was speedily engaged for a tour, and everywhere she went she had an ovation. She

received two thousand rubles for playing in a concert in Moscow. I think it was here Mrs. Senkrah said they let fly pigeons over her as a mark of enthusiasm. In St. Petersburg she had an enormous bouquet thrown at her, which they could hardly get into the carriage door afterwards. This bouquet, with its long satin ribbons, with an inscription on them, Mrs. Senkrah has kept and has yet in her possession. At Stockholm twenty-one bouquets were thrown on the stage. They were thrown by "experts," and went flying through the air like comets, with their long white ribbons floating behind. At another place the students wanted to carry Arma on their shoulders, after the concert, but she would not allow it. One time she was to play at a place called Hirschberg and the train was buried in a snow storm and delayed for many hours. Mrs. Senkrah luckily had had the forethought to put up a luncheon and bring along a bottle of wine. When Arma got up in the sleeping car, early in the morning, it was quite dark, and she found the snow heaped up above the windows of the car. The deer followed the train in the woods for food, and the passengers threw out pieces of bread to them to eat. Arma arrived just in time to go upon the stage in her traveling dress and play at the concert. The audience was transported with delight, as her coming had been despaired of in the storm. She was greeted with overwhelming enthusiasm when she came out in her traveling dress, and had a triumph.

At twenty-five years of age, when in the zenith of her career, Arma Senkrah had the misfortune to fall in love with a dissipated German lawyer in Weimar. She married him and settled down to matrimony, and appeared no more in public, except twice. . He vetoed all that. The end was death by her own hand, at thirty-five. She must, indeed, have been madly in love, to put the pistol to her heart, through jealousy, ten years after her marriage, forgetful of her only child, a beautiful little boy, the image of herself, and adored by her; Mrs. Senkrah insists that Arma was "hypnotized by her husband." (Somebody ought to go over and get the boy.)

Well, I have run on so about violinists that I fear I have but little space to say much about music in New York. Last week was the week for pianists, and we had three of them—Dohnanyi, in his own concerto, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Gabrilovitch, in a concert of his own, with orchestra, and Teresa Carreno, with the Philharmonic Society. I am happy to relate that America came out first, and that Carreno swept everything before her. She and Gabrilovitch had chosen the same concerto—Tschaikowsky's First in B flat minor, Op. 23. This concerto was introduced by von Bulow, who played it in 1875 in this country. Three years later Franz Rummel played it, and then it went to sleep for a long time, till Sieveking revived it. Now it has suddenly leaped into popularity. Gabrilovitch played it beautifully and musically, but Carreno was simply overwhelming in it, just as she was in Rubinstein's D minor concerto in her last trip. I think this artist is at her best with orchestra, and it is the proper setting for the diamond. All of the critics lost their hearts to her, and their heads, too,

for that matter. As a proof of it I will subjoin the following from the Times, whose critic is famous for remorselessly chopping off the heads of artists, and who does not even take the trouble to toss them into the basket usually: "Carreno's was the performance of a mature artist, sure of her fame, sure of herself, and not afraid to hurl all delicacy and the hair-spinning of the raffine school to the winds, while she swept the keyboard with the rush of a whirlwind, 'set the wild echoes flying' and the whole auditorium throbbing with the magnetic waves of her exuberant temperament. Power, majesty of conception, sonority of tone, and all the splendors of passion flamed through the performance of this gorgeous woman, who, at a period of maturity when most of her sex take to teaching or to charitable societies, is still able to reign over human hearts by the magic of the songs she sings through the keys of her chosen instrument. As a personality, she is like, indeed, to the wondrous Cleopatra, for 'age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.'"

Carreno's dress was worth the price of admission to the concert to see. She was attired in a royal gown of black velvet, richly trimmed with gold, in which she was beautiful as the day (or night, I should say)!

Dohnanyi's concerto was very interesting, and was superbly played by him, of course. He is a very wonderful artist, but not of the sentimental school. Since Paderewski, we all adore sentiment, combined with intellect. One never touches bottom in Paderewski's feelings. He is the only one who goes down to the deepest deep, and yet touches the stars.

142 East Fortieth street, New York.

LONDON LETTER.

BY HORACE ELLIS.

Think of those songs which seem, to most of us, to date back to the days of a dark past, "The Jolly Young Waterman," "Come into the Garden, Maud," "Farewell, my Trim-built Wherry," "My Pretty Jane," etc., and then think that the tenor who sang them in his and their youth was alive but a few days since.

The passing away of Sims Reeves (or, to give him his full name, John Sims Reeves,) is like the closing of a volume in the history of singing. He was born in the Artillery Barracks at Woolwich, Oct. 21, 1822, and died at Worthing (a watering-place not far from Brighton), Oct. 26, 1900, having spent nearly all his 78 years in the active service of music. Of course, long before his death his voice, as far as strength and quality of tone were concerned, was gone; but to the last (for he sang in public nearly to the last) his careful handling of his powers was the same. He had a broader musical education than most vocalists of his day, as his father, a bandsman in the Royal Artillery, de-

voted himself to the cultivation of the boy's talent with such success that at the age of 14 he was given the post of organist and choirmaster at the parish church of North Cray, in Kent. He there studied harmony and counterpoint with Hutchins Callcott and piano with John Cramer, and gained a fairly proficient knowledge of most orchestral instruments by the time he attained his majority.

As more than one other tenor has done, Reeves began his vocal career as a baritone, but the nature of his voice became quickly manifest. He did considerable operatic and theatrical work in London until 1843, when he went to Paris to study with Bordogni (who was then the most important teacher of singing in that city), and from there to Milan, where he worked under Alberto Mazzucato, and in 1845 made his debut at La Scala as Edgardo in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."

It is difficult to associate Sims Reeves with opera, but practically all his early work was along that line. He was, doubtless, never much of an actor, and the Italian and "Ballad" operas in which he appeared were not of the caliber of to-day; but the amount of work which he did in those days, and the price he was paid for it, were both remarkable. Take as an instance his seven months' season at Manchester beginning Oct. 17, 1843 (when he first appeared as Tom Tug in "The Waterman"), during which he sang in some twenty-five works, and received as a reward the hardly princely salary of \$25 per week. It is with oratorio and concert work we most closely connect the name of Sims Reeves to-day. It is hardly too much to say that he rejuvenated Handel by his (if we may trust reports) thrilling interpretation of the tenor solos in "The Grand Old Robber's" works.

The last time I saw him was at a concert given for his benefit, two or three years ago, at St. James' Hall. It was pathetic to hear the old man try to sing, for not a vestige of the former voice remained; yet anyone could tell that he had once been an artist. He was wonderfully alert for his age, and contrasted favorably with another well-known singer who appeared at the same concert, and who, although younger, did not carry himself nearly so well. Reeves seems to have had considerable misfortune in his later years, both financial and otherwise, and not long ago a subscription was gotten up for him, and a civil list pension of \$500 per year was granted him as late as April of this year.

The outlook as regards the supply of tenors here is not very encouraging, there being no new heroes to take the place of the departed and the departing. Edward Lloyd, Reeves' legitimate successor, is soon to retire, and there will be a clear field for the coming man.

Richter gave three orchestral concerts at St. James' Hall the evenings of Oct. 22 and 29 and Nov. 5. The programs of the concerts are as follows:

First Concert: Overture, "Leonora," No. 3, Beethoven; Vorspiel, Act III., "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; Symphonic Poem, "Hunnen-

schlacht," Liszt; Overture, "Carneval Romain," Berlioz; Symphony, No. 3, in F, Brahms.

Second Concert: Fantasy-Overture, "Hamlet," Tschaiakowsky; "Siegfried Idyll," Wagner; Vorspiel, "Parsifal," Wagner; "Huldigungs-marsch," Wagner; Symphony, No. 6, in C minor, Glazounow.

Third Concert: Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; "Charfreitagszauber," "Parsifal," Wagner; Vorspiel und Liebestod, "Tristan und Isolde," Wagner; Walkurenritt, "Die Walkure," Wagner; Symphony, No. 5, in C minor, Beethoven.

As you see, they consist mainly of more or less familiar works with the exception of Liszt's Symphonic Poem and Glazounow's Symphony.

The "Hunnenschlacht" (Battle of the Huns) is probably the worst thing that Liszt ever wrote for orchestra, and, apart from the idea of novelty, it is difficult to see why Richter put it on the program. The composition may be called an attempt at a musical "setting" of Kaulbach's picture depicting the Huns marching on Rome and the fierce contests of the warriors even after death. Many portions are distinctly Wagnerian (these are the best parts), and the general effect is so poor that at the performance in question it fell very flat indeed.

The Glazounow Symphony is of different metal. Alexandre Glazounow is still a young man (having been born at St. Petersburg in 1865) although he has produced so many works. His first symphony was written when he was but 17, and besides the five which have followed, he has brought forth a number of symphonic poems and marches, together with two overtures and a "Fantasie" for orchestra. He has also written three string-quartets, a quintet and a number of solos for violin, viola and 'cello, not to mention numerous songs and piano pieces.

This sixth symphony (written in 1896) is divided into four movements, three of which are subdivided as follows: I. Adagio; Allegro passionato. II. Tema con variazioni. III. Intermezzo-Allegretto. IV. Finale—Andante maestoso. Moderato maestoso, allegro pesante, allegro moderato, moderato maestoso, allegro, piu mosso. These numerous alterations of tempi in a single movement seem to be characteristic of the modern Russian school. For instance, compare the last movement of the above with the first of Tschaiakowsky's Sixth Symphony. What is most forced upon one's attention in this composition is the skill of the workmanship. Though it would be wrong to say that Glazounow always makes his counterpoint the end instead of the means to an end, yet he appears to do it often, so ostentatiously are the canonic imitations, etc., thrust upon one's notice. Some of his rhythms are rather trite: for example, the figure in 6-8 time upon which the third variation of the second movement is based. Faults might also be found with the orchestration occasionally. However, the work is worthy of more than one or two hearings. It gives one something to think about.

Frederick Dawson, one of the leading English pianists, of whom I have written more than once, gave his only recital of the season at St. James' Hall the afternoon of Oct. 31. For some reason or other during the last two years or so Mr. Dawson has not been up to his earlier standard, unless it was that he was "out of sorts each time I heard him during that period. Moreover, he was developing a tendency to "pound." It must be said, though, at this recent recital he showed himself in the best of form, and probably never played better in London, his treatment of Chopin being especially well received. Once in a while he seemed inclined to become more energetic than the occasion warranted, but quickly restrained himself. I think he has more artistically emotional qualities than any other of the pianists of this country. I append his program.

Brahms: Rhapsodie, G minor, Op. 79, No. 2; Romanze, F major, Op. 118, No. 5; Ballade, G minor, Op. 118, No. 3. Beethoven: Sonata, E major, Op. 109. Schumann: Fantasie, C major. Chopin: Impromptu, F sharp major, Op. 36; Trois Mazurkas, Op. 63 (B major, F minor and C sharp minor); Etude, C sharp minor, Op. 25, No. 7; Etude, C sharp minor, Op. 10, No. 4; Trois Valses, Op. 64 (D flat major, C sharp minor and A flat major); Ballade, F minor, Op. 52. Roger Ascham: Etude, C major, Op. 12, No. 2. A. C. Mackenzie: Impromptu, C major, Op. 13, No. 1; Ritornello, Op. 20, No. 2. Graham P. Moore: Etude Pathetique.

There is one rather serious fault in the arrangement of the above, and that is the grouping together of four of the Chopin numbers in C sharp minor and one in D flat major.

London, Nov. 6, 1900.

LEIPSIC.

The main interest of the third Gewandhaus concert centered in a symphony by Cesar Franck and some song-singing by Mr. Von Rooy. Of the symphony, Dr. Schwartz says: "Though born a Belgian, Cesar Franck, with whose D major Symphony the third Gewandhaus concert was opened, belongs in all his tendencies to the new French school. Like Berlioz, he failed during his lifetime to receive any recognition in France. The rhythmic, melodic and harmonic tendencies of his day were responsible for this, since they left no remaining interest for works in his style. But the present world is here to make good the neglect which he experienced while living. Franck's Oratorio, 'The Beatitudes,' is already a repertory piece of all important singing societies and it has aroused well merited attention. I doubt if this D major Symphony will have the same success, though I believe that in musical circles this work, which is without question an important one, will be given some attention. The composition has but three movements, though the middle one is practically

composed of an Adagio and a Scherzo, the whole benignly very skillfully woven by the composer.

I think the first movement is the most important, notwithstanding its strong Wagnerian tendencies. Gloomy and sorrowful, as if complaining against fate, which Franck was well entitled to do, it develops later into an imposing tone picture in which we recognize the composer's master hand in counterpoint, and a canon for the brass instruments is especially effective. The second movement is easiest understood, makes also a good effect, but the mixing of the two moods (funeral march and scherzo) annoyed me quite a little. The gloomy spirit still pervades the last movement as if there were no ray to relieve the darkness of the night. Unfortunately, through the whole movement the well studied precision of the composer seemed to overbalance the musical inspiration, so that the hearer did not easily warm up to it. The reception accorded the symphony by the public was only moderate. The second novelty of the evening, the "Steppe Sketch," by Borodin, is an entrancing little cabinet piece, beautifully orchestrated, and originating purely from the love of music-making. It is therefore so lighthearted that one wishes to wander along with the singing throng that passes before the mind's eye.

The singer, Herr Von Rooy, who came so suddenly into notice by his performances at Bayreuth sustained the reputation that preceded him. To speak in detail of all his numbers will not be permitted me here on account of lack of space, but he possesses qualities that are seldom found in such completeness in a single artist, among them being a splendid voice, whose magic no one is able to gainsay. If he could become complete master of a tremolo that is sometimes disturbing, and could throw off the last trace of foreign dialect (he should be particularly careful with the sharp s and the sounding, or rather not sounding, of the prefixes), he would have material for the finest baritone in the world. Herr Nikisch accompanied in his usual incomparable way.

The orchestral performances again suggested what a great privilege it is to have such an orchestra and such a director for our art city.

The first Leipsic production of Berlioz's five-act opera, "The Trojans," took place Oct. 24, 1900. The *Signale* has the following: We know that it was the energetic initiative of Princess Witgenstein which decided Berlioz to carry out the creation of his opera, "The Trojans." In Weimar he had spoken with this enthusiastic friend of Liszt about the plan for such an opera, but on account of various artistic failures he seemed almost discouraged, and was loathe to undertake such a great task. The princess was not only able to dispel his fears, but she made it practically impossible for him to turn back. She appealed to his honor as an artist, and said: "If you fear for such a composition, I hope you may not come to me again; I shall not wish to see you." That helped. Returning to

Paris, the master began to work with a fiery enthusiasm, and in less than three and a half years the poem and music were completed.

As the composer's plan to produce "The Trojans" at the grand opera miscarried, he found himself compelled to resort to the Theatre Lyrique, though he knew from the outset that he would not be able to present the work on the grand scale he would wish. Before he could secure a production at all he was forced to strike out two-fifths of the score. In this badly mutilated form the Parisians first heard the opera on Nov. 4, 1863. It had only a passing success, and after twenty-one performances disappeared from the stage.

The disappointment of the composer was made greater since he believed that he had given it his best work. The words in his *Memoires* say enough: "O my noble Cassandra, my heroic maid! I must resign myself, for I shall not hear you again!" And in fact he never heard the work again.

Twenty-one years after the death of the master, Felix Mottle aroused it to a new life (Karlsruhe, 1890), and now it seems more and more as if it would remain with us.

At that time the Berlioz music failed to please because its melodies were not so easily understood, and they were given out in a language that came with more elegance from the lips of a Gluck, Meyerbeer, Halevy and others. Wherever it appeared to be genuine Berlioz it was immediately opposed, either because it was not understood or because there was no desire to understand him. The result was a setting without dramatic life. It is much less noticeable at the present day, since we have become so well used to the so-called "stage music" that beneath the tone painting we do not take the quietness of the play so much to heart. One has only to look at the "Euryanthe."

Weber knew very well that the opera was dramatically ineffective, but he enjoyed its situations in so far as the musical setting was appropriate in an extraordinary degree. It was exactly the case with Berlioz's "Trojans." The stage music is everything here. The various scenes were so loosely thrown together that one could leave them out entirely, or change their order at will—liberties that our theater management took after the example of Mottle, improving the work very much thereby. The entire play hinges upon the love-making of Aeneas and Dido. As another incident, there is a continual warning to the hero that he should break away from Dido's influence and fulfil his mission in Italy.

That is not very much for five acts, but we can almost forget the meager plot by reason of the varied situations Berlioz was able to create. I cannot now go into further detail. From a purely musical standpoint, the second act may well be considered worthy the crown, but the other acts also contain beauties enough to warrant the reproduction of the entire score as in the original.

The performance of the work on our stage was in the hands of

the main persons, Frau Doenges and Herr Moers. This indicated that it should be free from fault. Frau Doenges grew into her role, and particularly in the last act she caught the tone of flaming passion and of dejected resignation that made a very fine effect. Herr Moers also had some fine moments of such musical and dramatic splendor that they aroused quite an interest for the generally unsympathetic part of Aeneas. The opera was carefully prepared and given with a brilliant scenic representation, under the stable direction of Kapellmeister Gorter.—Dr. Schwartz.

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Madame Schumann-Heink was the artist for the ninety-third recital given by the Amateur Musical Club of Chicago. Mrs. Edwin N. Lapham, who is one of Chicago's best resident pianists, was the accompanist of the occasion.

A well known Eastern critic lately wrote of Madame Heink's work at the Worcester Festival as if her singing were just about abominable. It must have been decidedly an off day either for the critic or the singer, since the Madame is one of the most consummate of the artists that have visited these shores. For the Amateur Musical Club she sang a collection of songs by Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Franz, Hartmann, Mehrkens and Liszt, in addition to an aria from Haendel's "Rinaldo" and another from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."

She selected "The Gypsies" as a Liszt number, and it should be heard oftener. The Schubert numbers included "Wohin" and "Die Allmacht." The "Wohin" was a very fine example of what technical things may be accomplished with a heavy voice. The "St. Paul" aria was huge by reason of the dramatic intensity brought to its performance, and the "Allmacht" was done in a manner not to be excelled.—E. E. S.

SPIERING RECITALS.

Mr. Theodore Spiering is engaged on three violin recitals at University Hall in the Fine Arts Building. They have a special interest by reason of the material selected for performance, the programs being as follows:

First, on Nov. 17.

Bach: Adagio—Fuga—Siciliano—Presto. First Sonata for violin alone.

Joachim.....Hungarian Concerto (first movement)

Nardini.....Larghetto

Wieniawski.....First Polonaise in D major

The second on Dec. 15.

CorelliFolie d'Espagne

Schumann	Fantasia
Ondricek	Barcarolle
Brahms-Joachim.....	Three Hungarian Dances
The third on Jan. 12.	
Tartini.....	Devil's Trill Sonata
Spohr.....	Eighth Concerto (Gesangscene)
Bruch	In Memoriam
Sauret	Farfalla

Accompanist for the series, Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck.

The above mentioned works of Corelli and Tartini are noted examples of the virtuoso compositions of the very early violin history. Nardini was a distinguished pupil of Tartini but the *Largetto* above is not heavy. With the possible additional exception of the Schumann *Fantasia*, the remaining material on these programs is of virtuoso caliber. This is the caliber Mr. Spiering has already shown in his playing of the first program. A recital by this violinist seems to be exactly the same thing as a concert. It is nothing less than a rare gift to be able to get so much of real Bach music out of a Sonata by the grand old master, and it would seem that Mr. Spiering were especially called to the interpretation of the Bach works if it were not that his musicianship extends all the way round. First, nature has endowed him with a very fine hand, without which well-trained machine neither interpretation nor virtuosity is possible. Second, a bow technique unusually complete and comprehensive in the effects accomplished with it; and third, a quality of virtuosity which, without going crashing through difficulties in a manner calculated for amazement is not the less intrepid and authoritative. Instead of an over-heated emotionality, there is simply a rare quality of musical temperament that is decidedly elect.

He took both the Fugue and the Presto of the Bach at a very swift tempo. The movement from the Joachim Concerto is a huge affair, requiring nineteen minutes for performance. This is about the same time required for the complete production of some of the Vieuxtemps Concertos and the Wieniawski Concerto in D minor.

But it is impossible for a set of fingers to go through this one movement without feeling that they have been quite busy for a time. Notwithstanding its difficulty however, it easily earns its first eminence by its musical beauty. It is in every way worthy its great composer, under whom Mr. Spiering studied it. Mr. Seeboeck is a fortunate acquisition for any artist who has his help at the piano.

E. E. S.

EX-PRESIDENT GANTVOORT AND THE M. T. N. A. CASE.

Editor MUSIC: I am one living witness among many that the statement made in your magazine and other periodicals to the effect that "President Gantvoort prevented the election (not nomination) of

Dr. M. L. Bartlett as president of the M. T. N. A. at the June meeting in Des Moines," is correct, notwithstanding the stenographer's report (extract) which he (Gantvoort) furnished *Music* for the November issue. Said stenographer's report contained truth, but not all of the truth. It omitted one very important utterance of Mr. Gantvoort in his remarks in favor of the election of Mr. Manchester, viz.: "As a personal favor to me." This personal appeal to the voters is correctly stated, and can be verified by many who were present with us at that business session of the Senate and Council. It was a strong appeal, and had the effect which might have been expected, coming from the presiding officer, inasmuch as a large majority of the voting members were either state vice-presidents or delegates appointed by the President. Considering the popularity of Dr. Bartlett, the effective labor he had done in securing the \$3,500 guarantee fund, and that he was in "the house of his friends," and was the first nominee, a majority of said delegates would have supported him had not the President made the pathetic personal appeal to vote for Mr. Manchester. That goes without saying. I nominated Dr. Bartlett because of his very efficient services in making the meeting a financial success, a most important matter; also, because he was "worthy and well qualified," and because of his good standing, universally acknowledged, among musicians—all good and sufficient reasons.

After the election President Gantvoort said to me: "They gave me a slap in the face by not nominating me, as a compliment." I replied that it was probably understood that you would not run for the third term. He said: "I would not, but they should have nominated me." Now, as to the stenographer. I am informed by one very near the throne and familiar with the financial matters, that the president took the stenographer with him from Cincinnati, and that he was paid \$90.00, when the same service could have been secured in Des Moines for \$5.00 a day, or, total, \$20.00. Mismanagement in the financial affairs of the association has several times brought it to the verge of ruin and into very bad repute, the reason for its oft-repeated depleted treasury and its inability to pay its honest debts.

Prodigality is not a virtue in the management of the affairs of our association, nor is secrecy on the part of the officers regarding its financial condition wise or just. Nay, more, it is a wrong to withhold the annual report from the members. For the past two years there has been no financial report published. I now, as a member, ask, through the medium of *Music*, that ex-Secretary Werthner and Treasurer Fowler make such a report in the columns of the M. T. N. A. Messenger, edited by President Manchester and "published by the association."

Now, Mr. Editor, as I am upon the grave subject of finances, just an additional bit of modern history. At the convention in Cincinnati, 1899, President Gantvoort asked me, during the business session, to raise money with which to liquidate debts, to take another

Life membership of \$25.00 (I was the first Life member, in 1888) to encourage others. I did so. He said that I might give the association credit on the bill of about \$400 due me, to which I cheerfully consented. He, furthermore, said to me, in substance: "We shall have money enough at the next meeting, in Des Moines, to pay our debts, and I will use my influence to have your bill paid." Did he? No. Instead, he refused to issue the Life membership, and used his influence against the payment of my bill. Further comment upon this subject at this time is quite unnecessary, only to add that the president and secretary accepted \$75 each by vote of the council, at Des Moines, to pay their expenses of travel, etc., which were never incurred. Fidelity is a virtue, even among musicians. Judicious management and wise use of the money should characterize every act of the officers of the M. T. N. A. H. S. PERKINS.

ALEXANDER DREYSCHOCK AND HIS OCTAVES.

In his "Musical Memories" (August Century) Dr. William Mason gives the following account of Dreyschock and his method of playing:

"Alexander Dreyschock was one of the most distinguished piano-forte virtuosos of his time, and his specialty was his wonderful octave-playing. Indeed, he acquired such fame in this particular that the mention of 'octave-playing' at once suggested the name of Dreyschock to his contemporaries. He was also celebrated on account of his highly trained left hand, so much so that Saphir, the famous Vienna critic, paid tribute to the fact, and wrote a stanza which obtained wide circulation, and which runs as follows:

"Welchen Titel der nicht hinke
Man dem Meister geben mochte,
Der zur Rechten macht die Linke?—
Nennt ihn, 'Doctor beider Rechte.'

"An anecdote, related to me by one of his most intimate friends not long after my arrival in Prague, is interesting in this connection, as well as instructive to piano-students. Tomaschek, his teacher, was in the habit of receiving a few friends on stated occasions for the purpose of musical entertainment and conversation. One evening the rapid progress in piano-technique was being discussed, and Tomaschek remarked that more and more in this direction was demanded each day. A copy of Chopin's 'Etudes,' open at 'Etude No. 12, C Minor,' happened to be lying on the piano-desk. It will be remembered that the left-hand part of this etude consists throughout of rapid passages in single notes, difficult enough in the original to satisfy the ambition of most pianists. Tomaschek, looking at this, remarked, 'I should not wonder if, one of these days, a pianist should appear

who would play all of these single-note left-hand passages in octaves.' Dreyschock, overhearing the remark, at once conceived an idea which he proceeded next day to carry into execution. For a period of six successive weeks, at the rate of twelve hours a day, he practiced the etude in accordance with the suggestion of Tomaschek. How he ever survived the effort is a mystery, but, at any rate, when the next musical evening at Tomaschek's occurred he was present, and, watching his opportunity for a favorable moment, sat down to the piano-forte and played the etude in a brilliant and triumphant manner, with the left-hand octaves, thus fulfilling the prediction of Tomaschek. Upon a subsequent occasion he repeated this feat at one of the Leipsic Gewandhaus concerts. Mendelssohn, as I am told, was present, and was very demonstrative in the expression of his delight and astonishment. I will add, for the benefit of those of my readers, should there be any, who are inclined to try the experiment, that certain adaptations are necessary in various parts of the etude in order to get the required scope for the left-hand octaves. Thus, the opening octave passage in the beginning must be played an octave higher than it was originally written.

"At the time of which I write (1849-50) very little seems to have been known of the important influence of the upper-arm muscles and their very efficient agency, when properly employed, in the production of tone-quality and volume by means of increased relaxation, elasticity, and springiness in their movements: About the winter of 1846-47 there was a teacher in Boston, comparatively little known, and whose name I cannot now recall, who considered limber wrists as of great importance in octave-playing, and so instructed his pupils. From one of these I learned his manner of application, and immediately putting it into practice, succeeded in accomplishing the most desirable results, and thereafter, as a matter of ease and economy, I never played in any other way. I afterward found that this was one of the main principles of the Tomaschek method as regards octave-playing and as taught and carried into act by Dreyschock, but nothing was said as to the application of the principle to the training of the muscles of the fore and upper arm and shoulder. The direction to the pupil was solely and simply to keep the wrists loose. To be sure, this could not be altogether accomplished without some degree of arm-limberness, but no specific directions were given for cultivating the latter. So far as wrist-motion is concerned, Leschetitsky's manner of playing octaves has much in common with the Tomaschek-Dreyschock method, if the former may be judged from the playing of most of his pupils, who seem to pay but little attention to the upper-arm muscles. This is quite natural when it is remembered that Leschetitsky was in some sense an assistant of Dreyschock when the latter was at the head of the piano department in the Conservatory of Music at St. Petersburg. The Leschetitsky pupils, however, have a manner of sinking the wrists below the keyboard which was not in accordance

with Dreyschock's manner of playing. It seems to me that the latter's method of level wrists is more productive of a full, sonorous musical tone.

"I remained with Dreyschock for over a year, taking three lessons a week and practicing about five hours a day. I played also in private musicales at the houses of the nobility and at the homes of some of the wealthy Jews, two classes of society which were entirely distinct from each other, never mingling in private life. I met and became well acquainted with Jules Schulhoff, whose compositions for the piano-forte were very effective, but more appropriate to the drawing room than to the concert hall."

MINOR MENTION.

Miss Sarah E. Wildman gave her second organ recital of the season on November 13, when she had the assistance of Mrs. A. K. Rouse, soprano, and Miss Julia Garfield, violin. The organ numbers were a fugue by Krebs, an overture by Hollins, and some pieces by Hoffman, West and Baldwin.

* * *

A half dozen members of the Chicago Piano College faculty participated in a season opening concert in Kimball Hall on the evening of November 8. Modern and earlier composers had about an even representation, Grieg, with his Violin Sonata, Opus 8, being about at the middle period after Bach and Haendel.

* * *

After about eight years of hard work Mrs. H. J. Hull has succeeded in arousing a fine piano interest at Kearney, Neb. She has lately given a recital at which standing room was all that could be secured by late comers. A subsequent program, played by her pupils, contained the Chopin Polonaise Opus 40, No. 1, and the Sixth Liszt Rhapsody.

* * *

Carl Busch writes from Kansas City that 8,000 people attended a production of Haydn's "Creation" on November 1. He suspects that this was the largest American audience that ever attended a performance of this oratorio. It was given by the Oratorio Society, of 500 voices, with the assistance of the Philharmonic Orchestra, of 50 pieces. Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, George Hamlin and Charles W. Clark were the soloists. But all of the foregoing were not a house full in Kansas City. The new Convention Hall, used for this occasion, had room for 12,000 more.

* * *

Miss Edith Lynwood Winn, who has been for some time in the South, has taken up her residence in Boston. She now has charge of the violin instruction at Lasalle Seminary, Auburndale, and contemplates giving a few recitals this season. At her residence she has five of her talented young lady pupils from the South.

* * *

In Detroit, on October 30, Mr. N. J. Corey gave his sixteenth organ recital, playing three movements from the Widor Sixth Organ Symphony, and smaller works by Bach, Wolstenholme, Salome, Dethier, Lemaigre and Loret.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Heizer, of Sioux City, Iowa, have organized their young pupils into a club comprising three sections. The first division

starts out wrestling with rhythmic scales, arpeggios and little duets. The next comes along with practice in accompanying, analysis of short tone poems, scale writing and writing stories about the composers. The third division devotes the time to form study. With the further aid of a string quartet, a glee club, two pianos and an organ, life around their studio is not so empty as it could have been.

* * *

The Rossini Club, of Portland, which is at the same time the oldest and largest musical club in the state of Maine, began weekly concerts on October 11. During the season, which lasts until April, special programs will be devoted to operatic music, to Weber, to the water music (Haendel), to the women composers; and for a single evening, both the cantata, entitled "God's Time Is Best," and Cole-ridge Taylor's "Wedding Feast of Hiawatha."

* * *

The people of Lincoln, Neb., are to hear Mr. Maurice Grau's operatic song birds warble on December 12. They will hear an afternoon production of Gounod's "Faust," and an evening performance of Donizetti's "Lucia."

* * *

At a meeting of the Tonkuenstler Society, of New York, held on November 20, a new sonata for piano and violin, in F major, was played from manuscript by the composer, Herman Spielter, and the eminent violinist, Mr. Henry Schradieck. The work has the regulation four movement.

* * *

At Steinway Hall, Chicago, on November 17, a boy violinist, pupil of Mr. Listemann, played the fantasie, "Sans-Parole," by Wieniawski. It was Louis Magnus, age about thirteen. He is at present touring in Canada. He shows some virtuoso material, but he will have to acquire a great deal of polish before his work will be thoroughly enjoyable.

* * *

At a very fine soiree of the Club Francais de Chicago recently held in the Fine Arts Building, a pleasing little dramatic program was preceded by Chaminade's piano overture, *L'Automne*, delightfully played by Mrs. Bertha Smith-Titus, and by two selections done by the superb tenor, M. Charles Gauthier. His numbers were "Alleluia of Love" by Faure, and "Le Drapeau" by La Mareille. The voice and dramatic fervor of this great artist are altogether electrifying in such a small hall, and the assembly used the entire time during interludes to applaud and shout bravo. Mrs. Smith-Titus was not simply adequate as an accompanist, she was a part of the performance, knowing the music so well that she had very little need of her notes. Here was certainly an instance where a soiree was a good thing to attend. The Club Francais is this year under the direction of M. E. Benard, editor of *Le Courier de L'Ouest*.



PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC IN TAYLORVILLE, ILL.

Since Taylorville is a city of about 5,000 people, a paper devoted to a statement of the progress of her public school music will only be useful as an indication of the thoroughness with which the musical spirit has begun to pervade the American life. The present condition will be better appreciated after a brief statement of the history of the vicinity.

The time is the year 1818. The place, an uninhabited wild, 200 miles southwest of Chicago. Then the white man came. Taylorville was nothing prior to about the year 1840. It grew apace with the new country and became the county seat fifteen or twenty years after, at which time a population of possibly 1,000 souls had assembled there. There was no important musical life, but sometime in the seventies a dramatic company was made up of home talent, and may have been occasionally supported by the services of a "string band," though nothing further. As early as 1870 a Mrs. Laura Bonbrake came to the city and started a small piano class, and probably taught a few pupils vocally. Her training had been very good for those days, her repertory probably consisting of the easier sonatas of Mozart and Haydn, but predominating in selections from the old Italian operas, arranged as fantasies, and presumably played sometimes from the piano scores. But this was ultra modern for a Western town at that day. This good lady exercised a fine influence over the local music for many years, until she finally became gradually inactive from increasing years.

In 1894 a gentleman who owed his musical education mainly to Karl Merz, of Wooster University, came and established a one-man conservatory. He was very well read, but was a very poor player, and his disposition failed to endear him to those whose patronage he required for an existence. But he did a great deal of advertising for the musical cause and was, therefore, a useful factor, preparing the ground extensively for the next gentleman, who was to come along to the harvest. Mr. T. L. Rickaby came along in 1896, took up the work where it left off, and then augmented it. He has been teaching classes of from forty to fifty pupils each year since, and has prefaced various recitals by carefully prepared talks on the composers. He has taught

harmony and broadened the horizon in every way possible to a progressive and thorough-going teacher. The past summer marked the organization of a choral society of forty voices, and this is now prospering, thanks to his English blood.

The next chapter is the school music itself. It is in its third year, under a Miss Gertrude Kennedy, an Iowa woman, brought up as a vocalist, and trained in the public school musical work at the summer normal schools held at Evanston, Ill. There are twenty-six teachers in the schools of Taylorville. When Miss Kennedy came, two years ago, none of the teachers under her had ever done any work in teaching public school music. But in order that they might help to administer the work on a modern plan, they took the regular musical instruction themselves for the first three months, during which time the music superintendent attended to the various classes in person. The teachers being mostly women, they took kindly to the work and were soon able to attempt the teaching themselves. I have visited classes in all grades of the schools and find the making of a very successful system. The most irregular result found was with a second year high school class. Some of these pupils were from country districts, where musical instruction of whatever description was practically unavailable. Some from the city had not attained sufficient confidence from the previous year's effort, and were, therefore, slightly timid about reading the parts. The high school classes are allowed but thirty-five minutes, twice each week, and do not get further instruction or practice from their own teachers. But the grade classes have twenty minutes each day, and a high school class just come up from eighth grade showed a decided improvement in reading and in the general results. This class, of about thirty pupils, had eleven who were students of piano, and it was a fine index of the general musical interest manifested about the town.

The singing in two parts, which should generally begin about the fifth year in the grades, was delayed here to the seventh and eighth years on account of the newness of the work in the city, but with about two years more the resident pupils, brought up successively through the grades, will be able to take up the work promptly. This is a safe prediction, judging from the effective teaching that was seen in the very first grades, where the pupils were taking a well arranged plan of work in all the details of ear training, notation practice and rote-singing. As a means of creating a greater interest among the pupils, by allowing them an opportunity to hear the work of the other classes, a concert was given at the close of last season, and the plan seemed so effective that it will probably be employed in various ways during the present year.

The practical outcome of a few years of this well directed work will be first, a strengthening of the church choirs around the city, and, next, the high school will soon furnish well-trained recruits to the choral society who will be already slightly acquainted with some of

the important choruses among the classics. By this time it can be hoped that the musical spirit will have become sufficiently grounded among the general public to make it possible for a series of subscription concerts to exist. And, with this accomplished, the musical future of a community becomes practically unlimited.

How much better for the musical cause it would be if many of the teachers in the larger cities could be persuaded to go out into such pleasant little cities as the above, and lead happy lives, while helping to raise the musical standard where it is often sadly needed.

EUGENE E. SIMPSON.

MUSIC STUDENTS CLUB EXTENSION

The following branches of the Music Students' Club Extension have been lately organized:

At Lexington, Va., under the direction of Mrs. Carlotta Hill.

At Warren, Pa., under the direction of Mrs. J. W. Kitchen.

At Decorah, Iowa, the Beethoven Club adopted the Music Students' Club Extension work.

At Emporia, Kan., the music department of the State Normal has organized a club of twenty-one members. It is under the direction of Mrs. C. A. Boyle, who reports the prospect of a very successful club, not only in point of numbers, but in interest and earnestness in carrying out the work.

The Extension Club at the Visitation Convent, Cabanne place, St. Louis, has increased its membership from twenty-three to twenty-eight. By her permission we quote from a letter written us by the Sister Isabel: "The interest already manifested in your good work is very gratifying and amply repays us for our efforts in its behalf."

From Chico, Cal., we have the following report by our state organizer, Mr. P. C. Tucker: "A very promising Music Students' Extension Club has been recently organized in the pretty little city of Chico, Cal. The officers, Mrs. June Miller, president; Mrs. C. B. Swain, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. Harry H. Camper, Mrs. Frank Elliott and Mrs. A. C. Boyles, program committee. The circle starts its work with a membership of fifteen, many of whom are teachers and pupils of the State Normal School. The membership also includes vocal and instrumental teachers of the town, with their advanced pupils. The first program of the course was given in an interesting manner that established an enthusiasm destined to bear rich fruit. This is a good working club, and its influence will be felt throughout the state."

In the East the state organization for Maine has been entrusted to Mrs. H. E. Lamb, of Portland.

For Massachusetts the organizing of branches will be conducted by Mr. Bret Harte Dingley, with headquarters at Boston. As a violinist and musical writer for the daily press, Mr. Dingley is already widely known in the East.

From the foregoing reports for a single month the club extension movement is seen to be fairly under way, and it will soon exercise a

powerful influence toward accomplishing more serious musical work in every quarter of the country.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF MUSICAL CLUBS.

Mrs. Ellison, the accomplished recording secretary, sends the following:

The rapidly approaching Christmas-tide warns us of time's flight, and ere many months the second biennial meeting of the N. F. M. C. will be in session in Cleveland, the guest of the famous Fortnightly Musical Club. Plans are being perfected and committees have been appointed. Clubs desiring representation may federate by corresponding with their nearest sectional vice-president, whose name is given in the following list of the national officers; also the officers and committees of the Local Biennial Board of Cleveland.

DIRECTORY OF FEDERATION OFFICERS AND LOCAL BIENNIAL BOARD.

President—Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl, Waldheim, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Honorary President—Mrs. Theodore Thomas, 43 Bellevue place, Chicago, Ill.

First Vice-President—Mrs. J. H. Webster, 925 Prospect street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. Philip N. Moore, 1520 Mississippi avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Thomas E. Ellison, 167 West Wayne street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. James Pederson, The Seminole, Broadway and Sixty-ninth street, New York City.

Treasurer—Mrs. John Leverett, Leverett avenue, Upper Alton, Ill.

Auditor—Mrs. Russell R. Dorr, 543 Oakland avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

EASTERN SECTION.

Vice-President—Mrs. John Eliot Curran, 95 Hamilton avenue, Englewood, N. J.

Director—Mrs. Sylvester S. Battin, 354 Mount Prospect avenue, Newark, N. J.

Director—Mrs. S. F. Wardwell, 330 Main street, Danbury, Conn.

NORTHERN MIDDLE SECTION.

Vice-President—Mrs. Frederic Ullmann, 282 Forty-eighth street, Chicago, Ill.

Director—Miss Helen A. Storer, 115 High street, Akron, Ohio.

Director—Mrs. Henry Downs, 585 Holly avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

SOUTHERN MIDDLE SECTION.

Vice-President—Mrs. Eugene F. Verdery, The Hill, Augusta, Ga.

Director—Mrs. John Fletcher, 901 West Tenth street, Little Rock, Ark.

Director—Mrs. John Wilson Thomas, Nashville, Tenn.

WESTERN SECTION.

Vice-President—Mrs. David A. Campbell, 1902 Farnum street, Lincoln, Neb.

Director—Mrs. J. H. Groce, Galveston, Tex.

Director—Mrs. S. M. Shannon, Denver, Col.

COMMITTEES.

Artist Committee—Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl, Waldheim, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bureau of Registry—Mrs. Frederic Ullman, 282 Forty-eighth street, Chicago, Ill.

Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, and Seven Years' Course of Study—Mrs. F. S. Wardwell, Danbury, Conn.

Librarian—Mrs. Charles Farnsworth, 1519 Pine street, Boulder, Col.

Printing Committee—Mrs. Philip N. Moore, 1520 Mississippi avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Press Committee—Mrs. Thomas E. Ellison, 167 West Wayne street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Badge Pin Committee—Mrs. John Leverett, Upper Alton, Ill.

THE FORTNIGHTLY MUSICAL CLUB, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

LOCAL BIENNIAL BOARD, N. F. M. C.

President—Mrs. J. H. Webster, 902 Prospect street.

Vice-President—Mrs. Edward W. Morley, 2238 Euclid avenue.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Henry A. Harvey, Mrs. Samuel Mather, Mrs. Charles Olney, Mrs. James J. Tracy, Mrs. J. H. Wade.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. William E. Cushing, 12 Hayward street.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Florence Wade Jones, 996 Prospect street.

Treasurer—Miss Anna Burgess, 510 Euclid avenue.

Chairman Committee on Credentials—Miss Adella Prentiss, 273 Princeton street.

Chairman Committee on Reception—Mrs. Dudley P. Allen, 278 Prospect street.

Chairman Committee on Hospitality—Mrs. Charles I. Dangler, 1415 Euclid avenue.

Chairman Committee on Entertainment—Mrs. David Z. Norton, 1631 Euclid avenue.

Chairman Committee on Transportation—Mrs. Arthur Bradley, 63 Adelbert street.

Chairman Committee on Hotels—Miss Harriet L. Keeler, 93 Olive street.

Chairman Bureau of Information—Mrs. H. P. Loveman, 491 Russell avenue.

Chairman Committee on Press—Mrs. George H. McGrew, 715 Case avenue.

Chairman Committee on Printing—Miss Mary L. Southworth, 844 Prospect street.

Chairman Committee on Badges—Mrs. R. A. Harman, 930 Prospect street.

Chairman Committee on Ushers—Mrs. Frank Kelly, 47 Hayward street.

Chairman Committee on Decorations—Mrs. J. V. N. Yates, 611 Euclid avenue.

A called meeting of the Board of Management of the N. F. M. C. was held in Grand Rapids November 14th and 15th, for the purpose of planning for the welfare of the federation and arranging the program of the Biennial Musical Festival, which will be held in Cleveland in the spring of 1901.

There were present at the first session the President, Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl, of Grand Rapids; First Vice-President, Mrs. J. H. Webster, of Cleveland; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, of St. Louis, Mo.; Treasurer, Mrs. John Leverett, of Alton, Ill.; Vice-President of the Northern Middle Section, Mrs. Frederick Ullmann, of Chicago, and the Recording Secretary and National Press Committee, Mrs. Thomas E. Ellison, of Fort Wayne, Ind.

The first day's sessions were devoted to the consideration of reports of the federation work and the promulgation of its interests.

The second day was devoted to arranging the biennial program. The date is fixed for April 30 and May 1, 2, 3, 1901.

The mornings will be devoted to business and to papers on club methods, to which will be given ample time for discussion. This promises to be a very enthusiastic feature of the convention, as it is a subject upon which all the delegates have both theories and practice.

The afternoons will be filled with concerts, by the representatives of the federated clubs, drives about Cleveland, and social entertainments.

Of the four evenings, one will be devoted to a public reception, the others to concerts given by the highest order of artists.

The meetings of the Board of Management were held in the beautiful building of the Saint Cecelia Society, and the guests of the members of the club were enthusiastic in their expression of appreciation of the cordial hospitality extended to them. One of the many courtesies which transformed this board meeting from a toilsome duty to a memorable pleasure was the artist recital given by Earl Gulick and Miss Alice Edwina Uhl, tendered the board by Mrs. Charles N. Kelsey, President of the Saints, and Mrs. Uhl, President of the Federation.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE ART OF HYMN-TUNE PLAYING, Consisting of Preparatory Exercises and Familiar Hymn-Tunes, with Fingering and Suggestions, by Anna H. Hamilton. The John Church Co.

It happens, sooner or later, to nearly all young ladies who study the piano to be asked to play a hymn for singing. Sometimes it is upon an organ they are expected to minister. Whether upon the organ or piano, the result in the first attempts is practically the same, the tune is not clearly played, and all that the pupil has learned in the ordinary course of piano lessons goes for but little. In other words, the art of playing a hymn tune well is not at all the same as the art of playing selections by Schumann, Chopin, etc. Miss Hamilton has attempted to meet this difficulty by bringing together a series of lessons, in which the peculiar fingerings and the principles of them, in hymn-tune playing, are gradually unfolded. It is a little manual which would be of excellent use in connection with the regular lessons to almost any student. It ought to be taken up somewhere along about the fourth grade of the piano work. Miss Hamilton has done her task extremely well, and to those who are asked to play the organ for church or chapel services without having been specially taught, it gives exactly the missing items of instruction. It is, therefore, a little book (22 pages, 12mo.) of almost universal application. It has in it just the things which every organist knows instinctively, but which he too commonly expects his pupils also to know instinctively—which they rarely do.

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CHARACTERISTIC SCENES AND SKETCHES. For the Needs of the Kindergarten. Selected from the Masters and Modern Writers, by Mari Ruef Hofer. Revised and Edited by Calvin B. Cady. C. F. Summy Co.

This is not a collection of pieces for children to play, but a lot of easy pieces, for the most part, to be played to the children in connection with stories, fancies, and other kindergarten needs. The selections are of all sorts, from children's pieces, by Reinecke, Schumann, and the like, all along to Henry Schoenfeld, Parlow and Gilchrist. For the most part to be commended, but in at least one instance to be inquired concerning. For example, what does Miss Hofer (or Mr. Calvin Brainard Cady, as the case may be) mean by "The Rain-

drops," affixed to an arrangement or simplification of the first thirty or forty measures of Mendelssohn's overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream?" What is the matter with leaving it as Mendelssohn conceived it, as fairy work? When a piece is so well defined as this, by a master, and celebrated the world over, it is much better, in all good sense, to leave it with the title belonging to it. Otherwise we are teaching the child something he has to unlearn just as soon as he finds out who Mendelssohn was and what he really intended. This is the most aggravated case of the sort in the book, but there are others nearly as bad. The book is handsomely printed and will, no doubt, prove useful and popular.

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(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

TWO PIECES FOR PIANO. By Felix Borowski:

"At the Ball."

"Meditation."

"At the Ball" is an easy waltz, third grade about, pleasantly written. "Meditation" is a nocturne of about the same grade, pleasing, and with very good melody. Pieces of this degree of difficulty are much in demand.

* * *

"MY GOD, I THANK THEE." Sacred Song for Tenor. By Arthur Foote.

A well-made church song for tenor, upon words by Adelaide Proctor, and accompaniment for organ. The text is well managed, and it is a song with which an effect can be made. Particularly good is the use of modulation for emotional expression.

* * *

"HOLY CHILD" (Christmas Song). By Filippo Capocci.

A pleasantly written cradle song for Christmas. Having nothing particularly new, it is a safe song for the soprano to order.

* * *

ETUDES BY FRANK LYNES. Op. 20. Ten Special Studies.

A set of very easy studies upon broken chords. It is an open question whether as good results can be obtained by this kind of practice as upon plain, broken chords with metrical treatment, according to Mason's method. Especially is this the case when such old-fashioned, past-date and unmusical patterns are used as in his No. 8. Mr. Lynes makes an addition to the usual practice by building his progression upon the familiar upward modulation figure by half-steps, which all vocal teachers use.

* * *

"GOD, OUR PROTECTOR." By Charles P. Scott.

This is a quasi-sacred song, which might be used in most churches. The author would do well to read Mr. Benjamin Franklin's remarks, printed in a former issue of this magazine, apropos to the treatment

of verbal accentuation. In this case he is really unkind to a cherished American ideal, in rhyming the last syllable of "liberty" with "free." This, of course, is the poet; but the composer "goes him one better," if the Westernism may be pardoned, by bringing it out upon a full cadence and a half note in the accompaniment. As a rule the composer has not fallen into this kind of lapse. The music is commonplace, or but little above.

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Of the International Choir (available anthems for church) the following numbers have been received:

"God So Loved the World," by Dr. Henry Hiles. (This is the anthem which took the prize in the competition last season. It is a very modern and well made piece of church music, thoroughly good.) "Holy Night," by E. S. Lorenz; (an easy anthem.) "The Lord Is King," Fairlamb; "The Lord Reigneth," Gilchrist; "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," Durst (second prize); "Blessed, Blessed Are They That Mourn," Hiles; "The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended," Lee; "A Passing Shadow," Boetting (bass solo and chorus); "The Son of the Highest," Christmas cantata, E. S. Lorenz.

The foregoing titles represent some remarkably good work, in different degrees of difficulty. Naturally, Dr. Hiles' "God So Loved the World" is the most finished and original, it having been singled out of a mass of upward of 100 works submitted for the prize. Mr. Dudley Buck was particularly enthusiastic concerning this anthem over all others, and the present writer singled it out upon first examination as the most original and the most beautiful of the lot. Many of the others, however, are more practicable, since the prize work is in rather more strict style than the majority of choirs like, but the strictness is rather a strictness of musical expression than a mere slavish adherence to precepts.

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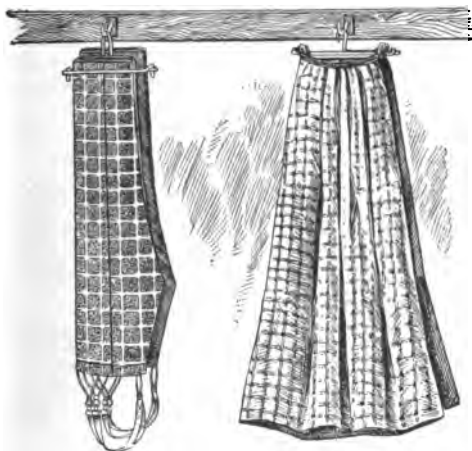
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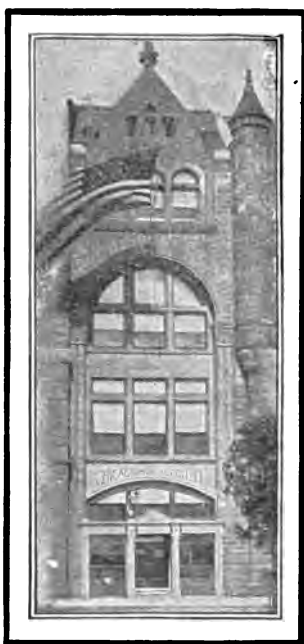
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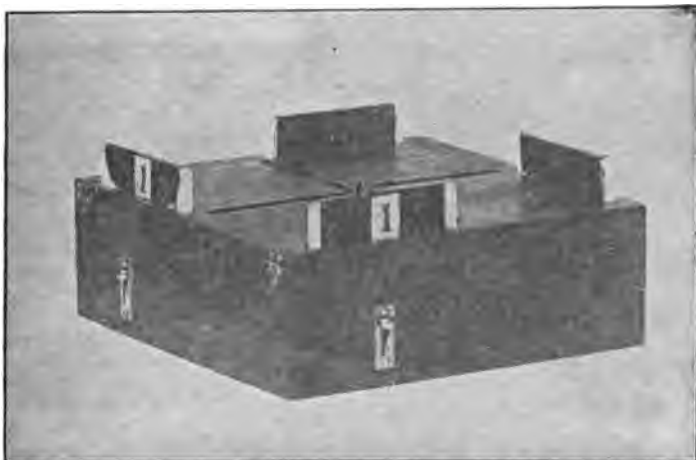
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